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For the Saturday Press.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA.

Over the Snow.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Over the frozen highway,
Gleaming with crystalline light,
Hiding the skeleton-furrows
In a velvet robe of white;

Seemingly slumber inviting;
Stainless, unruffled, serene:
Thus lay the snow for my journey
Omega and Alpha between!

Out from the sun-girt Alpha,
Forth o'er the glittering crust,
Leaving firm foot-prints behind me,
On to Omega—and Dust!

Saying—"O! deep-pressed foot-prints,
Henceforth, not looking in vain,
Often from restful Omega
My heart-gaze shall see you again!"

"Many will mark you, who love me;
Where I have stumbled, will leap;
Where I have slumbered, will hasten;
Where I have fallen, will weep!"

Foolishest folly of follies!
Still in the shadows afar
Lurketh the restful Omega!
Vanished the foot-prints are!

Vanished the snow and the foot-prints!
Rugged and furrowed the crust!
Over the highway I struggle
Still, to Omega—and Dust!

The Oasis in the Desert.

Written for The New York Saturday Press

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

I.

I was left an orphan at an early age, when I became the charge of an aunt, my father's sister, who, although she was never unkind to me, would, I have no doubt, have been as well pleased if I had never come into the world, as she had a large family of her own. I remember I used to think when I was a child that no one was half so well supplied with cousins as myself. There were five boys and six girls in the family besides myself, a quiet, dark-complexioned, strange-looking child, of whom no one took any farther notice than to say when I was first observed, "What a strange little girl!"

As far back as I can carry my memories of childhood, I see that remark looming out from every corner of the past, from the time when, at the age of seven, I first took up my abode in my aunt's, and seated myself in the chimney-corner, so eaten up by grief that I had not a tear to shed; and then, as my good-hearted but commonplace aunt looked at me, I remember she turned away to her eldest daughter, a buxom, bouncing, red-cheeked girl, with the simple remark, "What a strange little girl!" Till ten years later, I heard the same often-repeated words, "What a strange girl!"

My childhood was so uninteresting, so dry and commonplace, that I have no desire to weary the reader with any details of it, or to carry my own mind back to that period generally so fraught with pleasing recollections, but which for me does not contain one single star to brighten the dark and cheerless sky.

I will pass on to my seventeenth year.

It was a bright, beautiful evening late in Summer, and I was seated under a large elm-tree, beside the road, and at some distance from the house, reading.

I was much interested in the book, and I did not hear approaching footsteps, nor, although a shadow was cast across the spot where I was seated, did I become conscious of the presence of any one, till a voice said:

"What a strange girl!"

Then I looked up quietly, neither embarrassed nor much surprised. A pair of dark eyes—I don't know what color, and in after years I never found out—were looking at me with an expression of blended interest and surprise.

When I looked up and met the look, the owner of the eyes smiled a little, and then asked in a full, rich voice, modulated to a tender gentleness,

"Will you be good enough to direct me to Haworth?"

I rose, and with my hand pointed out the road that led in the direction of Haworth parsonage, which was about two miles distant. The stranger thanked me, and passed his way.

I looked after him till he was out of sight, and then recurred to me the words he had spoken to himself, and which had awakened me from the absorption of my book, and for the first time in my life I asked myself what was there about me to elicit the same remark from every one.

I was sorry that man had said it, for there seemed a sort of disgrace in the fact of my being so 'strange,' and I was ashamed of it without knowing why. It had never given me a thought before, but then I felt that I would have given all I possessed, which was *very* little, if that man had not thought the same of me, and made the same remark that every one else made.

I threw down my book angrily, and felt the first feeling of real annoyance that had ever troubled me; and then I crossed the road, and went a little farther on, till I came to a small, deep pond, the dark surface of which made a sort of mirror. I looked in and surveyed myself.

I did look strange, and I didn't wonder any longer that any one seeing me for the first time should think.

What a queer-looking face I had, and what wild eyes—what a large mouth, and what a hook-billed nose, and a quantity of black hair all matted and tangled, as though it had never known either brush or comb, although I was careful to dress it each morning. And then I tried to think how in the world it could be in such a state of barbarous dishevelment; and in trying to solve the mystery I became aware of a fact that had not struck me before.

When reading, I had a ridiculous fashion of running my fingers through my hair, knotting, tangling, and matting it, quite unconscious of what I was doing.

I suppose I had been thus employed when the stranger pronounced me a strange girl; and then, as the great probability of this being the case forced itself upon me, I stamped my foot with impatience. I made many discoveries that Summer evening: till then I did not know that I was impetuous, hot-tempered, and easily excited to anger; for in the humdrum existence I had hitherto led, nothing had aroused my passions, of any kind; but as I continued to look in the glassy mirror, and saw how soiled and torn my dress was, I ground my teeth with anger.

I am ashamed to remember, though it is so long ago, and I was an untutored, uncivilized girl, the sinful feelings to which I gave way, that Summer afternoon.

Then I went back to the spot where I had left my book, and sat down, taking it listlessly in my hand.

My first impulse was to return to my aunt's as speedily as possible, wash myself, comb and brush my hair, and exchange my dress for one of a better appearance: but more suddenly than my angry feelings, even, came a reaction. What did I care for the stranger? Who was *he*? What was he to me? I had never seen him before—probably would never see him again. What did it matter what he thought of me, or how I had appeared in his eyes?

By this time he had reached the parsonage, and quite forgotten that such a being as Catherine Livingston lived, and moved, and had her being in the same world as himself.

I addressed myself to my book again, and tried with all my might to become interested in it.

Quite impossible! Nothing but a pair of strange-looking, dark eyes, with a very gentle light shining deep down in them, was to be seen upon the open page.

I threw aside the book in disgust, and in spite of myself my thoughts returned to the stranger.

Why had that single look such power over me? And why did the sound of that voice linger on my ear? I had seen handsomer men, gayer men, more elegant, more gentlemanly—— but there I stopped suddenly. No, I had *never* seen a more gentlemanly man, nor have I ever since seen one more so. Yet what was there about him that so fascinated me, so interested me? What was there in the simple thought of him that so thrilled me? Perhaps it was because he had spoken so very gently to me, and that was something quite new and strange. I don't mean that my aunt, or uncle, or cousins addressed me unkindly; but it was in the rough manner habitual to them, not with the gentle tenderness that so won my heart.

Then I wondered who the stranger was, and where he came from, and what he wanted at Haworth, and why he had asked for Haworth when he was in it. And then I remembered that when strangers inquired for Haworth, they always meant the parsonage. And I wondered what in the world he wanted at that quiet place, where the advent of a stranger was food enough for conversation among the Haworth people for weeks.

Perhaps he wished to see Mr. Bronté, or perhaps he was a London friend of Mr. Brantwell's, or probably he had business of some kind with the Miss Brontés.

I can't tell what a strange, painful feeling I had when I thought of the possibility of his business being with any of the young ladies. None of them were handsome, but they were all three almost miraculously clever; and though not beautiful, I knew, for I had seen and spoken a few words to her, what a great charm, all unknown to herself, was about the eldest.

O what eyes she had! And what fairy hands, so white and delicate; and such smooth, glossy, hazel hair! I have sat for hours in the little Haworth church, looking into the ever-varying eyes of Charlotte Bronte, in which shone such a living light from her pure and lofty soul. I should have been listening to the preaching of her father, but those eyes were a sermon in themselves. No wonder that thoughts emanated from the mind shining through them that have since thrilled the whole world!

I awoke from my reverie to the fact that the twilight was so slowly gathering in that I could hardly observe the imperceptible change from broad day, till night came, quietly trailing her sable robes along the warm green earth, and then I raised the book I had impatiently cast aside, and took my way slowly homeward.

That was Tuesday, and on Sunday, having passed the intervening days in a sort of dream, I made the most careful toilet I could, and took the way to Haworth church.

There were present a very few when I arrived, and having taken my seat, with a strange flutter and embarrassment quite new to me, I ventured to look around the church.

Seated directly in front of me, two seats forward, was the object of my thoughts for the past four days. My heart stood still for a moment, and then began to flutter and palpitate in a manner that almost choked me.

I glanced over to the pew occupied by the minister's family. It was empty, and the minister himself had not yet ascended the pulpit.

In a few moments a gentle rustle, almost inaudible in the aisle, made me look around, and I saw the three Miss Brontes pause before their pew. The stranger rose very quietly, bent over, and opening the pew door, held it so till they passed in, and then Miss Bronté thanked him with a beautiful smile that lit up her whole pale face like a ray of sunshine—and I—indeed I don't know how I felt.

When I looked toward the pulpit again, Mr. Bronté had risen and was about to begin the service.

[illegible] near the end of the sermon, I glanced toward the Bronté pew.

There sat the wonderfully-gifted Charlotte, and her scarcely less gifted sisters, the former looking very much as her own Jane Eyre must have looked when sitting with Mr. Rochester, listening to the conversation of that extraordinary character,—but I think looking gentler and sweeter and lovelier than ever the little governess, the greatest creation of her splendid fancy, looked.

I didn't look away from the minister again the whole time during the service, and at the close I rose the first almost, and glided out of the church.

I think I was about halfway home when a voice close beside me asked:

"Are you trying to hurry away from me, my little oddity?" I turned to the speaker with indignation, and instead of replying, I demanded:

"Why do you call me an oddity, sir?"

"Because really I think you are, my little friend," he said, laughing pleasantly; but instead of being disarmed of my wrath by that sweet-sounding laugh, I said, very foolishly I suppose:

"It may be a subject for laughter for you, sir, but it isn't over pleasant to me to be laughed at."

"My dear child, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, I'm sure. Pray forgive me," he said so kindly, and looking so sorry that my eyes filled with tears.

"Come—are we friends?" and he held out his beautiful hand.

"The very best," I answered, as I shook his hand heartily.

He laughed, and continued, addressing me as he would have done a little child.

"What is your name?"

"Catharine Livingston—but they call me Cathie at at home."

"And may I call you Cathie?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you are going home now, Cathie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you at church—I think I saw you there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't you say anything but 'yes, sir?'" he said, laughing.

"O yes, sir."

"Then why don't you?"

"I haven't anything else to say, just now."

"And don't you say anything except just what you've got to say?"

"Why no, sir," and I looked at him so wonderingly that he laughed outright, loud and merrily, so that the pleasant, cheerful sounds rang out on the still quiet air.

"You don't know what I mean," he said, when he had finished laughing. "Don't you ever converse—do you never express your own thoughts and feelings, to aid to keep up a conversation?"

"No, never;" I said so solemnly, that he laughed again.

"Well you *are* a strange little girl," and he looked fixedly at me.

I felt my cheeks burning, and my eyes caught the fire and literally blazed with anger.

He looked at me in astonishment, and then he said:

"What is the matter? Why do you get so red, and what makes you look so angry?"

"I don't thank you for saying that I am a strange girl—you said so the first time you ever saw me—everybody says so. I don't see what makes me so very strange."

"Why, my child, you are angry at nothing—it is nothing wrong, nor disgraceful, or to be ashamed of."

"Is it not?" I asked eagerly.

"Not at all, Cathie. It only means that you are singular, peculiar, unlike other girls. Nothing more—no harm."

"Is that all?" I asked, with a sigh of relief.

"That is all. But here you are home. I must bid you good-bye, and perhaps I may soon see you again. I leave Haworth now. Be a good girl. Good-bye." He took my hand, pressed it between his, and was gone.

The life I had led for seventeen years was bearable no longer. I longed for change—for action—for something to do. Something to occupy my mind as well as my hands. My very heart cried out for something more than the monotony that had hitherto characterized my life. So I began to cast about in my mind what I could do. That I must and would do something, was settled, but *what?*

I had but a very slight education—it all consisted in the ability to read well, spell correctly, and write a good hand, with a little general information which I had gleaned from books. But notwithstanding the meagre supply of knowledge which I possessed, I concluded, after spending the greater portion of a week in determining what I should do, to teach school.

I made known my plan to my aunt, and was rewarded by such a look of incredulous amazement and surprise, that I began to think I had proposed some very preposterous and out-of-the-way thing. However, as soon as a portion of my good aunt's surprise evaporated, she said:

"Where are you going to get scholars, Cathie?"

I met this inquiry with the reply,

"Not in Haworth, aunt. I intend to open a small school for little children in A——;" which was about fifteen miles from Haworth.

My aunt took a few moments to think over this answer, and then she went to an old stocking-foot in the cupboard, and taking out a guinea, she put it in my hand without a single word.

I was affected by her simple kindness, for I knew she could afford me but very little pecuniary assistance, and the silent tears that slowly followed each other down my cheek were my only answer.

My aunt did not ask me whether I considered myself competent for the undertaking I spoke of. Small as were my claims to be considered learned, in her sight I was a scholar.

So it was settled that I should pursue the course I had marked out for myself, and a week later saw me in A——, domesticated in a family that, though then occupying a very humble position, gave me the idea that they "had seen better days."

I opened my little school with a class of five small children, which slowly increased to thirteen, and there stopped; but I was content. In teaching them I improved myself, and I was also enabled to gratify my taste for reading, which was great.

My time passed pleasantly enough, and a year had almost flown away, when again I began to experience new longings for change. Something more, something higher I wanted. I was beginning to discover that there was more in me than mere ability for teaching children; I wished to test my powers; I wished to go forth and battle with the world and return conqueror: but how to do it?

Ah! that was the question that troubled me.

I was returning from school one evening, (which school was in a very small house, containing a single room), thinking, as I had so often done of late, that I must try something else, and endeavoring in vain to conjure up some idea that would be of assistance to me, and clear the way, which was dark, with a ray of light; but I reached the house without making the desired discovery.

What could I do? There were so few things that I could do. And then I entered the house and sat down with a weary sigh.

A moment after, Maria Ritchie, the daughter of my landlady, entered, with the joyous exclamation:

"What do you think, Miss Livingston—an old friend of mamma's and mine, Mr. Gordon, from London, is here in A——, and will spend the evening with us. Is it not delightful?" And her handsome face was radiant with happiness.

"Indeed," I said wearily. I took no interest in what she was saying, and would hardly have expressed surprise if she had told me that Prince Albert was coming.

"I am sure you will like him, Miss Livingston. I assure you he can be quite charming when he pleases, and besides, he has written a book, and by the literary world is considered very talented. For my own part, I detest your excruciating, clever people—they are terrible bores. But Mr. Gordon is never such. You would not imagine that all London is in love with his splendid novel, merely to see him and converse with him,—although he is very distingué in appearance, and excessively clever in conversation—quite a genius indeed.

She said a great deal more, but I don't remember it. Indeed, at the time I hardly understood a word she said, I was so preoccupied; but to-day, as much as I have written comes back to my mind.

When she had tired herself out, and completely exhausted her subject, she declared she "must go and dress," an then left me.

And there I sat, buried in thought as I often was, quite forgetting that my hat and shawl were yet upon me, and that I had not gone to my own little room. Unconscious of everything in the world, till some time afterwards—it must have been an hour—a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a gay voice exclaimed,

"Dreaming still, Miss Livingston!"

I looked up quickly and saw Miss Ritchie, radiantly beautiful, in a pale-blue Cashmere dress, a relic of former days, a delicate lace collar, and pale pink roses wound among her golden curls.

Before I could speak a word, she continued, turning to the gentleman beside her:

"Miss Livingstone, Mr. Gordon—Mr. Gordon, Miss Livingston."

When she first spoke I thought she was alone, but now I looked toward her companion, and rose to bow, and then pale and almost fainting, I would have sank back again, if he had not sprung forward, and catching my hand said:

"Is it possible—my little friend Cathie!"

Yes, it was the stranger whom I had seen in Haworth a year ago, and who had never been absent from my mind a single day, nay, a single hour since. Miss Ritchie looked surprised, and then as she ran her eye over my by no means elegant costume, she smiled maliciously, and I could not help thinking how exceedingly pretty she was, and mentally contrasting her with my own ill-favored looks.

I excused myself and went to my room. Why did my heart beat so tumultuously?—What was Mr. Gordon to me? Nothing, nothing! And never would be; but yet that thought turned me sick and giddy, and sent every drop of blood to my heart, till my brain whirled, and I sank upon a chair, only half conscious.

I knew then what I suppose the reader has all along known, though it took me a year to discover it, that I loved the man whose very name had been unknown to me till within the past five minutes, and I loved him from the first.

I felt that it must be hopeless. I even fancied I had detected the signs of a reciprocal attachment between the man I loved and the beautiful Maria Ritchie; and then I remembered her wicked, malicious smile, and in my heart I determined she should not triumph over me, and that neither should ever know my secret.

When the hour for tea came, I left my room, and went into the diningroom.

Maria and her lover, as I mentally designated him, were already seated, but he immediately rose, placed a chair for me, and handed me to the table.

Maria colored, with anger, I think.

In the evening, after tea, she proposed a walk.

Mr. Gordon assented, and invited me to join them. I declined, at which Maria smiled and looked pleased, and they both sallied forth.

The moon was high up, and shining brilliantly clear when they returned, Maria leaning upon his arm, and he carrying her hat, swinging by its white strings in his disengaged hand.

I was seated beside the front window, looking out, and they passed as they neared the house, directly in front of the window. So that I was compelled to see all, and a sort of fascination kept me chained to the spot. I could not hear what passed—I did not wish to. It was sufficient to be a spy, and I could not remove from that spot, but I was thankful that I was spared the temptation of becoming an eavesdropper also. They were admiring the moon, I think, for they looked from time to time toward the pale chaste Queen, that was just then looking down upon a thousand similar scenes, and then Maria looked up at him, and the moon smiled down upon the beautiful upturned face.

He smiled down, too, and though I think now it was one of his usual kind, gentle smiles, I fancied then that I could detect all the signs of a passionate love in that one glance.

My throat and mouth grew dry and parched, as though the scorching wind of a desert had passed over me, and I know that I was fearfully pale, because I *felt* that my face was as white as it was clammy and cold.

They came toward the house—another moment and they would be in, and *she*, perhaps *both*, would see my agony and read my secret. I felt that I would peril my life before I would give her the triumph of looking in my pallid face then, and reading all that was so legibly traced upon it, so I looked round with painful eagerness for a means of escape. The window at the other side of the room was open, and in a single moment I had reached it, my feet were on the sill, and just as I heard the rustle of her dress in the hall, I was safe upon the ground without. And then I rushed on like a whirlwind, round toward the front of the house, and in my headlong speed I ran against something that caught me, and exclaimed:

"Cathie!"

"Sir!" and I tried to wrench myself from his grasp, but he held me fast, and turned me round so that the moon shone full in my face.

"What's the matter? Where are you going? Why are you so pale?"

I answered him with a fierce look, which melted away when I met the glance of his eyes; and then my own fell to the ground, while a burning blush mounted to my very temples.

Without a single word he put his arm around me, gathered me so closely to his bosom that I could hardly breathe, and then bent down and kissed me.

"God bless you, my little darling! I love you too," he said then, and releasing me, he drew my arm through his, and we walked slowly round toward the front door.

I never thought then whether he loved Maria or not. I forgot my late fierce jealousy; I forgot that the person who had caused it lived; and then I only remembered it when, taking my hands in his, at the door, he stooped forward and kissed my brow, saying, "Good-night, dear one. I had already said adieu to Miss Ritchie, and was leaving the house when you ran into my arms."

"Leaving without saying 'good-night' to me?" I said, reproachfully.

"Mrs. Ritchie, whom we met at the door, said that you complained of a headache, and had retired."

"O!" I answered, and laughed, and then we parted. . . .

How like a dream, beautiful, too beautiful for waking reality, it seemed to me when I awoke upon the following morning! How could it be? I could not, dared not realize that I was beloved, and by such a man, lest I should awake from the delusion, and die with grief to find my vision of happiness fled.

I said so to Mr. Gordon that same evening, as he sat upon a bench near the same spot where Maria had stood with him upon the previous evening.

For answer, he kissed me, and told me that "he had loved me for my wild eyes when I first looked up at him, and said that he knew that a great soul, and a great mind, only needing cultivation, *which it should have*, were looking out of them," and then he concluded with:

"I once fancied that I loved before, Cathie. Some time I will tell you all about it. But *now I know* that I love, really love."

"*Indeed, William Gordon?*"

With a sharp cry of pain Mr. Gordon turned in the direction whence came those words, in a voice of such cutting irony that it hewed right into my heart, and seemed to turn him to stone.

There stood a tall, dark, fearfully beautiful woman, her arms crossed upon her broad full chest, regarding him with a demoniac light in her wicked eyes, and smiling like the fiend she was.

In the name of Heaven what meant it all? was my mental inquiry, which that woman answered by turning to me, and asking:

"And may I inquire why you are here seated, young woman, with MY HUSBAND?"

I heard no more. Like a weight of marble, and quite as insensible and cold, I fell forward upon my face on the ground. . . .

It afterward appeared that when I returned to consciousness, having been carried into the house by Mr. Gordon, and given in charge to Mrs. Ritchie without a word of explanation, I had sunk into a kind of stupor, from which I did not recover entirely for some days.

When I again became quite conscious, and my senses were quite clear, I awoke to the knowledge that I had seen William Gordon for the last time. I felt that it was so: and from that hour, when I last saw him, when my senses were leaving me, I have never beheld him.

A letter lay upon the stand awaiting my perusal, and with the calmness, and cold terrible courage of despair, I took it up, broke the seal, and read it. A smaller letter was enclosed, which I quietly laid aside, till I had perused the first.

Here it is:

> CATHIE,—
>
> I dare not call you dear or beloved, for one whom I supposed dead *should* have a right to those terms; but though God knows I cannot speak of her as dear to me, I may not dare to speak of another as being so.
>
> Ten years ago, Cathie, I was beguiled into a marriage with one whom my soul loathes and my heart abhors. I will say no more. The enclosed note will prove to you that I am no villain, and have not wantonly trifled with you. Farewell, GORDON.

I laid it down and took up the other. It was dated four years back, and read thus:

> MY DEAR GORDON,—
>
> It is my painful task to inform you that your wife, my sister Anne, lost her life in the vessel that was wrecked upon its return from Europe, last week. You are now, as you so often wished to be, free. Anne was a strange girl, but let the grave hide her faults, say I. Yours truly, HENRY BENNETT.

No further explanations—I wanted no more. That was enough. Enough to know that my idol was another's. Enough to know that great as had been my sin in worshipping it as I had done, it would be still greater to continue that worship. Enough to know that the green and fertile oasis I had discovered in the desert of my life, and on which I had hoped to live forevermore in peace and joy, was swept away forever, poisoned by the scorching simoon, and covered from my sight forevermore by the burning sands. Enough, enough, to know all this—enough, enough!

For the Saturday Press.

GONE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

The Summer was long and sweet,
The roses blossomed for me
Over a porch where fairy feet
Went pattering merrily.

II.

All Summer the roses smiled,
Hiding their thorns from sight;
All Summer my passionate heart beat wild
With a feverish love and delight.

III.

Now, Autumn's rain-drops beat
On the casement, drearily;—
The Summer I found so long and sweet
Has faded forever from me!

IV.

Under each thorny bough
The roses are withering fast,
And my passionate heart beats slower, now,
For the fever of love is past!

For the Saturday Press.

"LIFE IN SPAIN."*

All of us love Spain; but it is the Spain of fancy, not of fact. It is a lovely vision, winning our hearts away from the weary commonplaces of ordinary life. It is a land of enchantment, a mystical land of dreams and phantoms, over which, beautiful afar off, a strange splendor broods, and the diamond light of eternal morning. Thither our hopes depart, in the inexorable course of destiny. There are garnered up all our lost loves,—all our beautiful, impossible ideals. Our Castles are there, our Palaces, waiting for us, our gardens of immortal bloom and verdure, our sweet days of idleness, our nights of passionate joy, wild and voluptuous, the imagined splendors of ideal life,—all are there! It is not wonderful we all love Spain.

Were it possible—because we dislike that our ideals should be disturbed in any way at all—we would, for ourselves, avoid all knowledge of any other Spain than this same beautiful Spain of fancy. But that is not possible. That there shall be a thorn for every rose, seems to be the condition of life everywhere and always. All around us are iron facts. Constantly that sturdy and impecunious old cynic, whom the poet Lowell describes as "the Present, poor and bare," persists in making his "sneering comment." Scarcely in the most sacred temple of the soul can we preserve our pure ideals from sacrilegious violation. It were vain to expect exemption for the land of our dreams. The Spain of fact makes its comment on the Spain of fancy; nor is that comment made in vain.

But perhaps it may be well for some persons that the vagary of fancy is so constantly rebuked by the inexorable truth of fact. Anyway, historians and travellers have taken care to do for Spain the very correct thing which they love to do for the rest of the world. Respecting the past and present of that nation, histories and books of travel give ample opportunities of knowledge for those who care to read. Truly the Spain of fancy is not the Spain of fact. But let us not, for the gratification of any private prejudice, deny to Spain those privileges of historic commemoration which are enjoyed by all the nations. We should respect the ponderous dignity of history. We should appreciate the worth of accurate information.

Such is our thought after reading a new book entitled "Life in Spain: Past and Present," which has recently been published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The author of this book is Walter Thornbury, an English writer both of prose and verse, who enjoys considerable popularity as an author, alike in this country and in his own.

We gather from this volume that Mr. Thornbury visited, at divers times and under circumstances more or less extraordinary, the most interesting localities in Spain and Portugal,—including Lisbon, Cadis, Seville, Cordova, Malaga, Madrid, Alhama, Grenada, and Gibraltar. From Gibraltar he passed over into Africa, whence returning he came to England. His book, which is divided into twenty-seven chapters, is principally occupied with the narrative of his observations of manners, customs, and incidents in these and other places. But among these twenty-seven chapters are several which to a certain extent have, or are intended to have, a literary or artistic interest, peculiar and unusual. These chapters relate to "Spanish Proverbs," "Spanish Ballads," "Murillo and his Picture Children," "A Day in the Alhambra," "The Spain of Cervantes and the Spain of Gil Blas."

The style of this narrative is smooth, flowing, conversational. It is unpleasantly diffuse at times, and is marred by some affectations of phrase and manner. There is rarely an attempt at fine writing; yet the book contains several passages of singular beauty, sweet in music and brilliant in color. Of those passages the beauty is enhanced by contrast with certain others, which the author's visible and painful effort at smartness entirely fails to relieve.

As a rule we do not like books of travel. The reason is that, as a rule, they do not deserve to be liked. To read them with anything like critical care is generally labor of the most painful sort. But it is a kind of labor we seldom perform. In the present instance, however, we make an exception to our practice. We have read Mr. Thornbury's "Life in Spain," and we think, not only that it deserves reading with critical care, but also that it deserves commendation as a very successful book of travels.

It is the sweetest charm of a traveller's reminiscences that they preserve and impart to the reader of his written narrative, something of that gay freedom of heart and mind, that charming vivacity of animal spirits, by which he was himself inspired in the delightful contact of novelty, and in some unwonted atmosphere of romance. If he gather violets in the depths of some peaceful valley, where always the sunshine sleeps, and the Summer silence is broken only by the muffled music of the brooks,—let him give us the enchantment, the music, and the perfume, too. If with him we climb mountains, with him let us breathe the mountain air. Whether into the dim solitude of forests, or the populous haunts of men; into the arid desert, amid the ruins of forgotten cities, or far out upon the wild and wandering sea,—wherever he would lead us as his companions, let him take care so to picture whatever he has seen and felt, that we his readers can realize and enjoy it together. In no other way will he give vigor and spirit to his narrative. In no other way can he achieve sympathy, admiration, success.

It is in this view that we think Mr. Thornbury's book may be accounted successful. It is not the writer only who travels in Spain. The reader goes with him there; even the critic goes with him. Together we survey the blue and rose colored buildings of Lisbon; the grave of Harry Fielding on the hill of the Estrella; the yellow domes of Cadis. Together we drink the wine of Don Sanchez Montilla, and look into the twilight eyes of lovely Spanish ladies. We talk proverbs with John di Coco, and traverse the beautiful Giralda at Seville. By Don Sanchez Balthazar we are rather cruelly bored, in the tenth chapter, with prosy, irrelevant stories, and snatches of indifferent Spanish Ballads. In the Merced at Seville,—formerly a convent, now a picture-museum, we gaze delightedly at the picture children of Murillo. We see the brown Guadalquivir, the distant mountain peaks. We see leather-apparelled shepherds, and women in short, colored, picturesque petticoats. We see beggars crouching at the church-doors, and gipsy women fighting with their knives. We are spectators of bull-fights at Malaga. We are amazed at the lumbering Galera, the intolerable Spanish diligence. We are no less amazed—not to say disgusted—at the sight of filthy, perspiring negroes trampling the Malaga raisins. In the Alhambra we are poetical of course.

> "A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around us, and a dying glory smiles."

We pass into Africa—obedient to our Prospero's will. But Africa we neither see nor care to see. We enjoy that parting dinner at Gibraltar. We make the little voyage to London.

We see the pleasant author safely deposited in the bosom of his family. Then carefully omitting to read the Appendix we close the book with a feeling of satisfaction in our quiet but rapid journey; we think Thornbury an entertaining fellow, and good to travel with, and mentally we thank him for the pleasure we have enjoyed.

For the Saturday Press.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

BY FREDK. A. PARMENTER.

I.

I heard the Death-Watch ticking
In the silence of the night,
And its voice, so mournful, ceased not
With the dawn of morning light.

II.

I searched my narrow chamber
In every nook and part,
But found it not, for, ah me!
It was my own sad heart!

Jan. 15th, 1860.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

The Library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, now holds a place among the most important in this country, not only from its size—it contains upwards of 28,000 volumes—but from the value of its contents. The Library appears also to be in a course of prosperous growth, 1,313 books and 2,921 pamphlets having been added during the last year, besides maps, charts, engravings, and newspapers of much interest and value. The Librarian's report gives us an account of some additions made to the wealth of the Library in newspaper literature, which is highly interesting. The society had a large room nearly filled with imperfect files and mixed parcels of papers, which had been accumulating ever since the time of Dr. Thomas, who used to lay aside all such exchange papers as escaped the perils of his printing office. These have been assorted and arranged with no little trouble: the floor of a room forty-six feet square was covered with specimen numbers and fragments of series, stagings were erected and the work carried on, until finally the society has been enabled to complete many valuable files, to duplicate others, and to lay up a collection of matters for newspaper history, which is nowhere equalled. The number of papers contained in the catalogue of this collection, is immense; it is enough to say that it embraces thirteen or fourteen hundred titles, Massachusetts alone contributing 218, some of which never went beyond the first volume, and some not beyond the first number.

This society now has funds amounting in all to more than $41,000, including a publishing fund of $6,500. It has a volume of collections now in the press, and advancing as rapidly as could be expected, which promises to be of no little interest. It will present in sequence a valuable mass of papers relating to the settlement of Virginia,—the letters of Sir Ralph Lane, Governor of the original Colony, to Sir Francis Walsingham; Capt. Newport's Journal of the first Expedition up James River; and, by the courtesy of Mr. Deane, a narrative of the history of the colony by Wingfield, the first President of the resident Council, against whom Captain John Smith rebelled. The latter document will be edited by Mr. Deane; the other Virginia papers, obtained from Hon. George Bancroft, have been edited by Rev. E. E. Hale, of the publishing committee.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

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* Life in Spain: Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury, author of Every Man his own Trumpeter, Art and Nature, Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, etc. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 168. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending February 4, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

A History of the Stanton Street Baptist Church, in the city of New York, with a sketch of its Pastors, and a Register of the entire membership. 1 vol. 16mo. 50 cents. New York: Sheldon & Company.

Occasional Sermons and Addresses. By Samuel W. Fisher, D.D., President of Hamilton College. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth, 368 pages. $2. New York: Mason & Brothers.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Adventures and Observations on the West Coast of Africa and its Islands, with Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Madeira, Canary, Biafra and Cape Verd Islands; Their Climates, Inhabitants and Productions; Accounts of Places, Peoples, Customs, Trade, Missionary Operations, etc., lying between Tangier, Morocco, and Benguela. By Rev. Charles W. Thomas, M.A., Member of the Georgia Conference, Chaplain of the African Squadron in 1855, 1856, and 1857. With Illustrations. One large duodecimo. $1.25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Wild Sports in the South; or, the Camp Fires of the Everglades. By Charles E. Whitehead, translator of Gerard, the Lion Killer. With six splendid illustrations. 12mo. $1.25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

POETRY.

Regina. A Song of Many Days. By T. L. Harris. New York: New Church Publishing Association.

Lyrics and other Poems. By S. J. Donaldson, Jr. 1 vol., pp. 208. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky. A Biography. By George Canning Hill. 16mo, pp. 262. 75cts. New York: Mason & Brothers.

Life of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon I. By Cecil B. Hartley, author of the Life of Colonel David Crockett. With Portrait. 1 vol., pp. 377. New York and Boston: G. G. Evans.

LEGAL.

A Complete Practical Treatise on Criminal Procedure, Pleading and Evidence, in Indictable Cases, with Minute Directions and Forms for every Criminal Law that can arise, either at Common Law under the English Statutes, or under the Statutes of the several States. Comprising the "New System of Criminal Procedure, Pleading and Evidence." By Mr. Archbold. And also the fourteenth and last London Edition of Archbold's Pleading and Evidence in Criminal Cases, by Messrs. Jarvis and Welsby. To which are added Comprehensive Notes, containing all of the American and English Decisions to the date of Publication. By Thomas W. Watermann, Counsellor-at-Law. Seventh Edition. 2 vols. $12. New York: Banks & Brothers.

NOVELS.

The Doomed Chief; or, Two Hundred Years Ago. By the author of The Green Mountain Boys. New York and Boston: G. G. Evans.

Twenty Years Ago, and Now. By T. S. Arthur. 12mo, pp. 307. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

MEDICAL.

The Half Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences—Being a practical and Analytical Digest of the Contents of the principal British, American, Continental Medical works published during the preceding six months; together with a series of Critical Reports on the Progress of Medicine and the collateral Sciences. Edited by W. H. Ranking, M.D., and C. B. Radcliffe, M.D. No. 30, from July, 1859, to January 1, 1860, inclusive. $2. Agents in New York: Dexter & Brother.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States. Embellished with Arabesque Designs, in colors, and Recent Views of Mount Vernon. Philadelphia: Devereux & Co.

John Brown; or, The True and the False Philanthropist. 10 cents. Philadelphia: G. W. Taylor.

Legislative Restrictions on the Carrying Trade of the Railways of the State of New York, viewed in connection with Outside Competition. Addressed to the citizens of the city and State of New York. Pamphlet. pp. 32. New York: Wm. L. S. Harrison.

The History of Ink, including its Etymology, Chemistry, and Bibliography. 16mo, pp. 100. New York: Thaddeus Davids & Co.

Suggestions Touching the Municipal Government of New York. By Samuel P. Dinsmore. Pamphlet. pp. 23. New York: Hilton & Co., Printers.

Annual of Scientific Discovery or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1860, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, etc., together with Notes of the Progress of Science during the year 1859; A List of recent Scientific Publications, Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M., author of Principles of Natural Philosophy, Principles of Chemistry, Science of Common Things, etc. 12mo, pp. 424. $1.25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

The Gospel in Burmah. The Story of its Introduction and marvellous progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. Macleod Wylie. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Gerlach on the Pentateuch. A Commentary on the Pentateuch. By Otto Von Gerlach. 1 vol., 8vo. Cloth. $2.50. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Stier's Words of the Risen Saviour, and Commentary on James. 8vo, cloth. $2. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Sermons by the Late Rev. F. W. Robertson. Fourth Series. 1 vol. 12mo, $1. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Fanny. From the French of Ernest Feydeau. Preface by Jules Janin. 1 vol. 12mo, paper, 50 cents. New York: E. D. Long & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Niccolo dei Lapi; or, The Last Days of the Florentine Republic. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated by H. Hallet. 12mo, $1.25. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Evolutions of the Line, as practised by the Austrian Infantry, and adopted in 1853. Translated by Lieut. C. M. Wilcox, 7th Regiment United States Infantry. 12mo. pp. 132, $1. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

C. S. FRANCIS & CO., NEW YORK.

Men Who Helped themselves: Whence they Started. Where they Journeyed. What they Reached.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Virginia Baptist Ministers. By James B. Taylor, D.D., with an Introduction by J. B. Jeter, D.D. First Series, 1 vol., $1.25; Second Series, 1 vol., $1.25.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope.

BALLIERE BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Human Histology. By C. Morel. Translated, with additions, by W. H. Van Buren, M.D. 8vo. 28 plates.

A Knowledge of Living Things, and the Laws of their Existence. By Dr. A. N. Bell. Illustrations and two colored plates.

The Complete Reports on the Natural History, Climate, and Physical Geography of the Territories along the Route of the Northern Pacific Railroad Exploration from the Mississippi River to Puget Sound, made in 1853, '4, '5, '6, '7. 4to. 55 plates and map.

GEORGE G. EVANS, PHILADELPHIA.

The Throne of David; or, The Rebellion of Prince Absalom. Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus. In a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Embassador, Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; Wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea is presented to the Reader as by an Eye-witness. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Rector of Christ church, Holy Springs, Mississippi. 12mo. Over 600 pages. $1.25.

SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Science in Theology. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By the Rev. Adam S. Farrar, Fellow of Queen's College.

Delitzsch on Genesis. By the Rev. C. P. Krauth, Jr., D.D., Translator of Tholuck on the Gospel of John. From the Third German edition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Feb. 4, 1860.

Suggestions Touching the Municipal Government of New York. By Samuel P. Dinsmore. Pamphlet. pp. 23. New York: Hilton & Co., Printers. 1860.

The Gospel in Burmah: The Story of its Introduction and Marvellous Progress Among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. Macleod Wylie. 12mo, pp. 332. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Annual of Scientific Discovery or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1860; exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, etc., together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the year 1859; a list of recent Scientific Publications: Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, author of Principles of Natural Philosophy, Principles of Chemistry, Science of Common Things, etc. 12mo, pp. 424. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Twenty Years Ago, and Now. By T. S. Arthur. 12mo, pp. 307. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860.

Catalogue of Coins, Medals, and Tokens of All Nations, for sale by William H. Payton, 73 Bleecker street, New York. Pamphlet. pp. 50. New York: C. A. Whitehorne, printer. 1860.

— The fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is in preparation. Sir James Prior, the biographer of Burke and Goldsmith, has in the press a life, with selections from the manuscript anecdotes, of Edmund Malone, the Shakespeare commentator.

— Messrs. E. & E. W. Blunt have published a "Chart of Magnetic Variations for all the World," from the Admiralty Chart. It is a publication of great utility to mariners, as it shows in a very simple form the variations of the compass from the recent observations, for all parts of the world.

— The *London Leader*, in speaking of Miss Evan's Beulah, says:

"The narrative is not very brilliant, and the characters appear to us very uninteresting persons, but they are able to shed a good many tears, and talk more nonsense than will please the most ardent admirers of this class of fictions."

For the Saturday Press.

A DECADE.

I.

Ten years ago, I hung
  Upon a fickle maid's decree
My hopes for life. She scornful flung
  The heart I offered, back to me.

II.

Just now I saw her pass,
  The ten years vanished from my mind.
I sought the girl I loved, alas!
  For the proud woman whom I found.

III.

I look into her eyes;
  Under their haughty pride, I see
The discontent she may disguise
  From all the world, but not from me.

IV.

In silks and satins dressed,
  There in your carriage as you ride,
In your proud eyes I see confessed
  You loathe the husband at your side.

V.

How plainly I can see
  Your self-reproach, at having sold
The woman, God made you to be,
  For that mean creature's worthless gold.

VI.

I know him, vulgar, coarse—
  He treats you as a thing he bought;
All love, thus muddy in its source,
  Must be with self-debasement fraught.

VII.

However you may try
  Before the world, the sale to gloss,
A woman's outraged chastity
  The purchase-money turns to dross.

VIII.

Though I should wish to curse
  You, for your bitter scorn to me,
I could not wish a change for worse
  Than what your present lot must be.

IX.

For now, too late, you find
  We cannot trifle with the truth;
Eternal justice is not blind;
  We reap the crop we sow in youth.

X.

Though easily we cheat
  The envy of the shallow crowd,
Love is divine, nor can deceit
  Its truthful instincts ever cloud.

D. D.

Special Notices.

To Ladies and Housekeepers.—A New and Improved RANGE for ROASTING, BAKING, and BROILING,—to be seen at

285 CANAL STREET.

Three doors from Broadway, East side.

Moonlight Entertainment.

Mr. Young America, assisted by the graceful Miss Young America, will perform some of their most celebrated *rolls* on the ice at the Central Park every evening during the week. Persons purchasing SKATES at the CENTRAL PARK SKATE EMPORIUM will be presented with tickets of admission free of charge.

CONOVER & WALKER.
No. 298 Broadway, New York.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship FULTON, for Liverpool, Saturday, February 4th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Madame Busque, No. 6 Rue de la Michodière, begs to inform the American residents in Paris that she has removed her establishment to

NO. 40 RUE GODOT DE MAUROY.

Dinners, Breakfasts, Pumpkin Pies, Gingerbread, Buckwheat Cakes, etc., etc.

[ESTABLISHED 1815.]

William Everdell & Sons,

[WM. EVERDELL, WM. EVERDELL, JR., HENRY EVERDELL.]

ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.

104 Fulton (near William street), New York.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally *boards*) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., }
ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

LUXURY.

In another column will be found an interesting account of the second 'Artists' Reception' of the season, at Dodworth's Hall.

The spacious room was crowded with—well, in our opinion, with the best people of the city. The best in character, and, consequently, the best-looking; for

"From the soul the body form doth take," etc.

When we say the best in character, we speak, as careful people say, advisedly; the fact being that, to us, the best people in this beautiful world are the people who have the keenest appreciation of beauty,—the best, because the nearest to the image of God, who has no higher attribute than that of being the Source of all that is beautiful.

And what can be more beautiful, humanly speaking, than genuine works of art? They excel, in some respects, the works of Nature; and excel them especially in this, that they add to the material element of beauty, the spiritual.

In truth, Nature, unaided by man—the crowning work of the Almighty—is of comparatively small account. For example, the splendid varieties of fruits and flowers now found upon the earth exceed, both in extent and in quality, anything that what is commonly called Nature ever conceived of; for man is superior to Nature, and has consequently been able to improve on nearly all her products.

How this remark applies to works of art, we have no time to explain; moreover, he who cannot understand it without an explanation, will not be very likely to understand it with one.

[On second thought, a more felicitous illustration of our idea might have been drawn from Music, of which Nature, in her highest mood, has but the faintest idea.]

We incline to think that every one who was at Dodworth's Hall on Thursday evening will understand our meaning at a glance; if not, so much the worse for—but no, to say *that* would be ill-natured; so we will proceed to say what we had on our mind (though we never hinted it) at the start: to wit, that what delights us most in seeing such a multitude of people attending these Artists' Receptions, and thus paying their respect to the highest branch of human industry, is that it shows a growing love and appreciation in the community for Luxury; Luxury—in the large, true sense of the word—being, in our estimation, the most legitimate object of human pursuit.

"Luxuries are," in fact, as some one has well said, "the necessities of the soul." But in our view, they are equally the necessities of the senses, which, abused though they have been from the first, are the ministering angels of the soul.

The eye, for example, stands in absolute need of harmonies of form and color, without which it would soon lose all its subtlety and delicacy. And, in like manner, the ear stands in positive need of harmonies of sound, and becomes, so to speak, demoralized by their absence.

And painting, sculpture, architecture, music, etc., are forms of Luxury which man is not only justified in seeking, but which he is under a moral obligation to seek, in justice alike to his senses and (if the distinction is to be kept up) his soul; and when, carrying out this idea, he builds Academies of Music as temples to the Ear, and Academies of Design as temples to the Eye, he is fulfilling as high and as strictly a religious work as when he builds what are technically called temples to God; in fact, the former are as much temples to God as the latter.

And what we have said of the Eye and the Ear applies with equal force to all the senses.

Each has its own harmony, and each is entitled to its temples and its votaries.

It is a vague consciousness of the essential and sublime use of Luxury which makes mankind strive, as they ought to strive, for the possession of wealth, and which makes the strife, with this object in view, every way a noble one.

Everything beyond the barest requirements of physical life is commonly considered to be a luxury; and since if we were satisfied with mere animal existence we should soon sink to the level (or below it) of the brutes, it follows that the pursuit of Luxury, like the pursuit of happiness, is one of the inalienable rights, as well as one of the absolute duties of man.

It is from this point of view that the universal craving of mankind for riches, is not only to be justified but encouraged; since riches are chiefly used for the purpose of gratifying the natural, and therefore legitimate desire of the soul for Luxuries—that is, for something more than what is necessary to keep the soul and body together.

In point of fact, but for Luxuries the soul would be justified in suing for a divorce from the body, which would in that case be no longer a fit companion for it, so that the divorce might properly be granted on the ground of "mutual incompatibility of character."

The man who expends his money in the purchase of works of art (in whatever department) does a good thing for himself and for his race.

By thus encouraging the love and pursuit of the beautiful, he does something, at least, toward discouraging the love and pursuit of the vulgar—and vulgarity is the one thing in this world to be put down, since it is the most fruitful parent of vice.

In fact the chief characteristic of all wrong—all moral wrong, we mean—is, after all, its essential vulgarity—its downright coarseness and indecency, for which the best remedy is a cultivation of the beautiful, in all its forms, and the possession of all the means and appliances of Luxury.

Do away with vulgar tastes in any sphere of life, and you do much toward doing it away in all spheres.

The man who objected to theft that it was impolite, and to murder that it was a breach of etiquette, was not, therefore, so far out of the way.

Now the best way to put an end to vulgarity (and consequently vice) of every kind, is to diffuse Luxury, and make the cultivation of the fine arts, in all their branches, take rank among the noblest objects of human ambition.

And here endeth the lesson taught us on Thursday night at the Artists' Reception.

THE FINE ARTS.

A Reception.

On the first Thursday of each month, a certain association of artists gives a 'Reception' at Dodworth's Hall. They arrange the spacious ballroom as a picture-gallery, placing therein whatever they may have painted during the month, and invite, by card, such of their friends and acquaintances as they think best able to appreciate the occasion, which thus assumes the elegant and exclusive tone of a private party.

The reception of last Thursday night was exceedingly brilliant. The crowd was too dense, in the early part of the evening, for much critical examination of the paintings. But the beautiful women and distinguished men there present were studies quite as interesting to the observant eye as anything on canvas could be.

Among the more celebrated individuals who illuminated this reception, we observed Professor Morse, anciently President of the National Academy of Design, but now better known as the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph; George Bancroft, the historian; William Cullen Bryant; Cyrus W. Field; Rev. Dr. Bellows; Count Gurowski; J. T. Headley; Richard Grant White; J. Wrey Mould; and a number of connoisseurs and lovers of art, including Watts Sherman, Esq.; John D. Wolfe, Esq.; Wm. P. Wright, Esq., and many others.

During that part of the evening when the pressure was too great for the examination of the paintings, we ascended to the studio of Mr. E. D. E. Greene, in the upper story of the building, and looked at two of his works, one lately completed, and the other an unfinished sketch which was exhibited at last month's reception.

The first was a blonde head, very fair and sweet to look upon, with pure, rich flesh-tints, and wonderful grays in the shadows, especially upon the throat. The other was a small picture—unfinished, as we have said, but of extraordinary loveliness. Fancy a girl, also a blonde, robed in white, with pale-blue ribbons at the shoulders, and a bluish-gray scarf upon her lap, sitting in a bower of roses fresh and sweet as that "by Bendemeer's stream," caressing a snowy dove that has just brought her a letter from him whom she loves. Just a dear little girl, with golden hair, warm and radiant in the sunset light that floods the whole picture with a rosy lustre. We hope that Mr. Greene will never finish this more than charming picture. It is too beautifully vague and dimly suggestive to be changed, and we would rather have it as it is than nine-tenths of the finished works we remember.

Returning to the exhibition-room, we found the crowd thinning out, and proceeded to take a survey of the beauties that ornamented the walls. One of the largest and best of these was a Venitian carnival-scene, by Leutze. A boat full of merry-makers is passing under a dark and shadowy bridge. A *Pierrot*, in white, standing in the boat, forms a striking central figure, surrounded by beautiful and sensuous women, motley clowns and harlequins. Without question, this is one of the best of Leutze's recent works.

Near this hangs a genre-painting by Huntington, called "The True and the Counterfeit." The scene is the interior of a country store. A pedlar leans against a post, in shadow, trying to look unconcerned, but exhibiting a painful anxiety, while the old storekeeper scrutinizes a questionable bank-note. A pretty girl, in the centre foreground, is examining some goods, and a woman—probably the store-keeper's wife—whispers in the old man's ear. The drawing of this work is marvellous, especially in the face of the pedlar, and the accessories are treated with a fidelity of detail that is quite new to us in Mr. Huntington's works.

To our mind, one of the finest gems of the collection was a little cabinet-size ideal head by Baker—one of those delicious women that he knows how to paint so well—a châtaine with soft blue eyes and melting mouth. The exquisite purity of Mr. Baker's coloring was always a wonder to us, and we can remember no instance of it more striking than this.

W. O. Stone, a gentleman who is fast gaining a reputation similar to that of the last-mentioned artist, for his happy treatment of female heads, exhibited a life-size portrait of a lady, unfinished as yet, but giving evidence of the best qualities of color and handling.

A little full-length portrait of a negro, by Edwin White, attracted much attention from the artists present, who recognized the subject as "Old Sam," the porter and man-of-all-work at the Studio Building in Tenth street. The character of this useful and respected personage is excellently expressed in the good-natured dignity with which the artist has invested his features and attitude; and the figure is not less artistically conceived than the studies of negro subjects by Mr. E. Johnson, that excited so much interest at the last exhibition of the National Academy.

Mr. H. A. Loop, who returned from his studies in Paris not very long since, has two charming cabinet portraits—a lady and a gentleman—painted with great delicacy and fidelity.

A beautiful little picture by Comte Calix—representing a girl sitting under a tree, plucking the petals from a daisy—was much admired, as its merits deserved. There were many more figure-pieces, some of which were exceedingly good; but want of time and space in which to see and describe them, prevents us from enumerating them further.

The landscapes were very numerous, and mostly very beautiful. Mr. Boughton, of the Studio Building, exhibited two—a charming hazy October afternoon on Lake George, and a woodland road-scene, feathery with the beauties of a frosty morning. Although Mr. Boughton has become celebrated as a painter of Winter-scenes, we think that this is decidedly the best that we have seen from his easel. It would be hard, indeed, to find anything finer, without going to the Nature that the artist has evidently sought with a sentiment akin to worship.

Mr. Gifford exhibited one of his dreamy, sun-shiny water-views, and a "Castle of Chillon." The former possesses the most charming traits of Gifford's style—breadth, atmospheric effect, tone, and sunshine—an idealized and beautiful picture, like a lovely landscape seen through a poet's eyes.

William Hart had a very fine autumnal landscape in this collection; and his brother, James Hart, also showed his talent in a small picture or two. Mr. Shattuck contributed a river-scene, full of light and atmosphere, and in every way worthy of his reputation. Mr. Hays, celebrated for game, animals, hunting-scenes, etc., had an exceedingly life-like study of two pinnated grouse, or prairie-chickens, attractive to the sportsman, and subsequently still more attractive to the epicure. Other landscapes and still-life paintings there were, which we should like to mention, including A. F. Bellows's "Nooks and By-ways," Mr. Hall's flower and fruit studies, etc.

It was remarked that there were no marbles in the present exhibition. Those who saw L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, two delicate bas reliefs by Launt Thomson, at the last reception, hoped that he would have something pleasant to be seen, on this occasion, but were disappointed.

As these receptions are regularly improving, in both their artistic and social aspects, we cannot doubt that they will have an immensely beneficial influence upon the æsthetic character of New York society.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

IX.

Highly Important.

Whether I wrote it, and if I did, I knew better, or whether the type-man printed it so, I am not sure, but the statement in the last Waif that Lord Lyons, Her Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Republican (not black) Court is a *married* man, is too serious a blunder not to be mentioned in an erratum at the start. His Lordship, I am grieved to say, is a bachelor. Grieved, because of the amount of heart-burnings and unhappiness which this announcement is likely to awaken among aspiring young ladies; and to prove the reliability of this assertion respecting the celibacy of this personage, it is among the on dits of the capital, that the entente cordiale between the mother country and Yankee doodle-dom is to be cemented beyond the power of San Juan or Mosquitia to shake, by the alliance of his Lordship to *our* Queen of the White House. So may it be!

A Question of Privilege.

On Monday it was considered a sure thing that we were to have a Speaker. The Saturday previous had been given up to nasal enumerations and investigations touching the strength of the moral convictions of immaculate, *but* pig-headed members, and the next day had been devoted to religious exercises, *of course*. So that it was generally believed that on Monday the members would meet in a spirit of Christian harmony and fraternal affection, which would effectually obliterate the remembrance of unpleasant bygones. Whether the public at large hoped to witness the affecting scenes of reconciliation, or whether they believed there was going to be a scrimmage, or whether they thought their own hopes and fears could operate magnetically upon certain members so as to influence their votes—whatever may have been the motive, the Representative's Hall was crowded "from turret to foundation stone" with fair women and brave men, hours before the time of meeting had arrived. Lunches, knitting, the last novel, and the morning papers occupied the weary moments until 12 o'clock arrived, and then it appeared that the honorable members had scarcely room to stand up on their own floor; and far less was there any chance for physical expansion should a free fight come upon the tapis. Then there was a running debate of half an hour as to whether the fair sex should be permitted to remain or not; it ended as it should, in deciding *not*. But it was very hard and ungracious work getting them out; about as difficult, in fact, as to shovel snow with a pitchfork. As fast as they were shu-shu'd out at one side, they would come thronging round at another, until the effort was almost abandoned as hopeless. A final charge, however, broke the phalanx of crinoline, which abandoned the field.

Now I am impelled by an irresistible sense of duty to ask, why the dear creatures, to whom we surrender every choice luxury and comfort, for whom we stand when we ache to sit, and deny ourselves everything excepting cigars—why they are not content with what they have, without pressing themselves beyond the limits of delicacy and feminine retirement in their eagerness for more?

What right, what business have ladies on the floor of the House of Representatives? Just as much as they would have upon the driver's box of the omnibus—where they're precious sure *not* to go; just as much as they have to spread their hoops out wide to keep some unhappy wretch from being the fourth on a seat made to accommodate six—which they're precious sure *to* do. I go in for women's rights, but one of them is to keep the dear ladies in the right place.

Theatrical.

With compliments to PERSONNE, pray say to that lively and discriminating critic that we have a theatre here. I know it, because it has a sign nailed up which says so. The place indicated by the sign is, when you enter it, about as big as a large bedroom, and is furnished and decorated with the most atheistical disregard of the first principles of taste. I once went to see Donnetti's monkeys and dogs, and was gratified to perceive the marks of æsthetical culture indicated by those animals in the evident contempt with which they turned up their noses to the cockloft. The Cooper Opera Troupe is there now, and the French Comedie is to follow; and if the French Company *is* a French Company, and not like my French bootmaker, an unadultered Dutchman, I expect three-fourths of them to die of horrors when they see the place.

Science.

After all, the Smithsonian is the true place for intellectual improvement. The avowed object of that unfathomable Institution is to "diffuse useful knowledge among men." How is it done? By huge solemn publications which no one can purchase, and if they could, which no man can understand, and by tri-weekly lectures on subjects eminently adapted to the wants and requirements of real, practical life. The theme with which we were last night favored was "Chance, Probability, and Accident;" and that your readers may see how vastly superior to the ordinary sources of information are the intellectual fountains of wisdom which flow from that oracular pile, I copy an extract from the report of the lecture just referred to:

> Certainty, in its strict sense, did not admit of degree. Probability might be, however, of an intermediate degree between absolute certainty on the one hand, and no probability at all on the other. Arithmetically expressed, information was commonly called "probable" when its probability amounted to more than a probability; and "improbable" when its probability is less than reality. What was probability, as far as they were concerned, depended upon their knowledge, and upon that alone. It was from this point of view that they considered the so-called instrument of "chance."

I call that lucus a non lucendo.

Be good enough hereafter to mend your speech. Instead of telling Personne that you will probably accept his invitation to drop in about lunch-time, get out your note-book and express the thing arithmetically; for instance, in the rule of three—somehow thus:

As, one dime in cash with lots of promises to pay from delinquent subscribers, *is* to a big note due at 3 o'clock, *so* is my hungry scent of your claret and chop, *to* the probability of my getting any of it.

The formula may be varied infinitely.

Last week at the same place the public was enlightened on the subject of *gastropods*. I didn't go. I didn't wish to be informed with respect to any such unhappy creatures; for I am very sure that a gastropod is an animal either all stomach and no feet, or all feet and no stomach (wretched objects), or with feet on their stomachs, or vice versa—at any rate, my stock of "useful knowledge" is so ample that I doubted if the acquaintance of the gastropod family, in all its active varieties, would increase *my* usefulness among men.

The week before, the theme for an admiring audience was the "Mathematical Capacities of the different nations." Very practical and instructive! Indescribably diffusive of useful knowledge among men.

Theft.

To show how cheaply some folks coin wit, here is a paragraph from last night's *States and Union*, as original, which appeared in your last number.

NOT SO BAD.

> A young lady who has not left off hoops, and who plays a powerful game of whist, to please her papa, told him recently that she wished he would buy her the Messrs. Galt's *trump card*. "What is that?" asked the unsuspecting parent. "Why their *tray of diamonds*, to be sure," was the reply.

You'd hardly know it, would you? So innocent and mealy-mouthed.

The Gay and Festive

Was in full blast Tuesday night. The Premier's reception and a large party at District Attorney Ould's; to-night a brilliant hop at Willard's Concert Hall, and an unusually splendid fete at Mrs. Horace F. Clark's, one of *Your* set; and to-morrow—but 'tis the same thing ad infinitum whilst the season lasts; and one might well wonder if some of these folks are not afraid to be alone for fear of meeting the skeleton which is in every house, and the ghost which is in every heart; in mine, O, Editor, as well as in

Umos.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

Fashion dictates three rules for the man of the world, the literary man, and the artist to begin with, to praise nothing, to admire nothing, to love nothing.

The lips must be moulded into an adamantine sneer ere the face can be called manly and forcible. Nothing is brilliant except it be founded on satire. Intellectual surgery has immediate amputation as its one remedy for all things. If a man do but chill his fingers in a sleigh-ride, the only brilliant thing for a friend to do is to cut off his arms at the shoulders.

The critic's art is built up on fault-finding. When a great artist stands before him, he transforms his mind into a microscope with which to discover the infirmity that mingles faintly, often imperceptibly, with genius. When he beholds the precious fault, his heart pants with rapture, he can sympathize with Herschel when he discovered an unknown star. His mind is no longer a microscope, it has become suddenly a crucible, in which he has placed the genius, while industriously melting away all the wealth of gold, to find and hold fast the treasured atom of dross. O! I can imagine the feelings of the man who can first prove to others that Miss Patti has not a fine voice. His heart may even break with joy.

Criticism I believe was never intended to foist itself upon heartlessness. It is as much a matter of perception as of judgment, and the perceptive faculties draw their life from the heart. Alas me! what a sorrowful being the critic must be in this latitude! However bright the wine that sparkles in the cup, he sees death at its bottom. All his life must pass in gathering thorns; he will have none of the myriad roses that stain the air with their crimsons.

One indeed must be brave to be enthusiastic now: he must be brave to run against the thick bosses of the *Negative's* buckler, since the world's speech resolves itself into an *everlasting No.*

All ardent admiration and love pass for sheer craziness. Even the morning stars which we are told sang for joy at the creation of the world, would be remanded by the modern critic to a sidereal asylum for maniacs.

I have always been hopelessly insane myself, in this view, even from earliest childhood. When I was a very little girl, I read "Oliver Twist." I crept up into a garret to be unmolested, and there, as the saying goes, devoured its pages. One day the whole house was alarmed by the moans and sobs of a child. Frantic steps pressed to my garret, and there I was discovered with "Oliver Twist" in my lap, having just gone with the little hero into painful misfortunes, and being thus in the midst of giving way to my sympathies. In those days, when the heroine in the five-act tragedy suffered from unrequited love and fell weeping on the stage, I often became so hysterical as to excite the ire of the politer audience.

Now I no longer suffer for tragedy or despairing story. I weep and throb with them, but they are tears and pulses of enjoyment. I have learned to seek my happiness in the mere action of my emotional nature. I have no need of critically understanding music or the drama. They are simply altars to me, where I worship blindly, but with a full soul.

I have always found it a much deeper joy to love than to be loved, to admire than to be admired. The pangs of unrequited love, as soon as they have struggled through the agonies of jealousy and desire, have as much pleasure as pain in them. To have had and to keep one grand, unconquerable, immortal passion, is good for every life. It is the tumultuous undercurrent that keeps the sluggish water pure. For the soul which lives in the world's close atmosphere of calculation and selfishness, it is a window from which it can lean forth to drink in the pure airs from heaven, and to look up with yearning eye after the tender brightness of the stars.

Passionate admiration follows immediately in the divine footsteps of passionate love. The rapture the former brings is not so supernal as that of the latter, but it is not torn with the pangs which at first agonize love.

At present I have three idols in the temple of my admiration,—Ristori, Gottschalk, and Cortesi. Whoso would teach me how to cease to admire these three, would insure my enmity for life.

Ristori played Corinna in a manner to make the heavenly lights her wonder-wounded hearers. I found it impossible to keep my feet fixed on the respectable rocks of materiality and the commonplace. The splendor of her genius came up like a great wave to bear me down to the divine sea of dreams. This is the kind of intoxication which material substance never gave, and which knows no satiety. To deliver oneself over riotously to a boundless admiration, to feel the very air we breathe throbbing with it in radiate pulses, to adore Genius so much that we possess it both actively and passively a thousandfold intensified, to lose our souls with all their doubts and despairs in it, to feel ourselves transformed into one eternal sense of life, and that panting with the delirium of satisfied adoration,—O, this is the passion of divine joy that holds immortality in the hollow of its hand!

I am happily not one who can wake from my illusions. Time only seemed to press them deeper into my heart. I know not indeed how we of the world's recognized fools could live without such madness. There is so little to us in social lies, and the world's hollow cruel creeds, that our hearts would faint to death without such heavenly food as this.

Is not an inability to love, to admire, a want of certain faculties? Then is it not extraordinary that mental diseases should be less humbling than bodily ones?

A man who is blind points not the finger of scorn at him who can see, boasts not that all skies are shut away from him, nor have I seen the dumb man believing himself qualified to despise him who had the gift of speech. But he who is cold and loveless looks with contempt upon the enthusiast, so that they must be brave who dare to avow an ardent, unquestioning love for anything but cognac, scrip, and bullion.

As for the admiration of love—but for the moment I will be silent on that topic, for too many of my readers have, ere this, mentally struck me on the mouth, crying like Agrippa of old, Much loving hath made thee mad.

But when Ada Clare ceases to tremble, and melt, and glow, before the royal ones of Art, when their voices are not to her voices from Olympus, when her knees refuse to bend in the temple of most high and mighty Genius, when the foot of love is no longer set on the neck of her life, be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts, dash her to pieces!

Literary Notes.

— Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, publishers of Redpath's "Life of John Brown," on Friday forwarded to Mrs. Mary A. Brown, at North Elba, a draft for $1,000, as a first instalment of the profit the family of Capt. Brown are to receive from the publication of this biography.

— Prof. Gustav Weil, the eminent German Oriental scholar, has just brought out volume the first of a "History of the Abbasside Caliphs in Egypt," in continuation of his work, "History of the Moslem Caliphs." It covers a period of great interest, including the War of the Crusaders in Egypt, and the relation of the Mongol irruptions.

— Messrs. Rudd & Carleton will shortly issue the first two volumes of a translation of "Balzac's Novels and Tales," comprising "The Lily of the Valley," and "Eugenie Grandet." The series will be produced in elegant style, and the literary arrangements are such, that faithful and spirited transfusions of the work into English may be depended on.

— The disputed authenticity of one of John Milton's autograph receipts for the proceeds of Paradise Lost, sold at Dawson and Turner's sales, and purchased for a collector in Philadelphia, will lead to a pleasant volume on the subject. Mr. Sotherly, the literary auctioneer, has been induced in consequence to investigate the existing sources of information and will publish his results in a work called "Ramblings in Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton." It will be enriched with fac-similes for the first time published, from the former MS. of his Juvenile Poems in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and other unpublished documents.

— Mrs. Cowden Clarke's name reappears in literature, after a long interval, as the authoress, in conjunction with her husband, Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, of "Many Happy Returns of the Day: A Birthday Book for Old and Young," an elegant little volume, with illustrations by Dalziel.

— Mrs. Swisshelm, the editress of *The St. Cloud* (Min.) *Democrat*, has been appointed Surveyor of Logs and Lumber. The appointment having been ridiculed, she replies that women have as much right to employments in which the pay is more than the work as men have, and that for one she declines the honor of working for the wages of wifehood; that she would rather saw logs into boards with a handsaw, for her bread and butter, than take the doled pittance which keeps the most women's souls inside their bodies; and that not one man in five hundred would object to any woman doing the work of a Surveyor-General.

— The following interesting paragraph is from a recent letter addressed by an eminent English scholar and critic to Mr. Grant White, on the question of the alleged forgery of the manuscript readings in Mr. Collier's notorious folio Shakespeare:

> "I am indeed willing to agree with you in thinking that he [Mr. Collier] is quite guiltless of forgery, and trust that the thunder bolt which is about to be launched at him from the Museum will fall harmless on his head. But still there is something in the business that perplexes me. The famous folio (which I saw for the first time about two months ago) *abounds* in half-erased pencilings by Collier (*whose hand I know as well as I know my own*)—pencilings of words which stand side by side with the same words written by the MS. corrector. How comes this? If the MS. corrector's insertions had been difficult to read, I can easily imagine that Collier, after deciphering them, would copy them on the margin in pencil." [Mr. Collier, on the contrary, has solemnly declared that he made "only a few dots, ticks, and crosses."—ED. TRIBUNE.] "But the old gentleman's script is generally very legible; and yet Collier copies in pencil his very '*Exits*' and '*Asides*.' Then there are the Ellesmere papers—one of which has been proved to be a rank forgery, while the others are more than suspicious. And, above all, there is the postscript of Mrs. Alleyn's letter; which postscript included according to Collier the words, 'Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe,' though an inspection of the tattered original must convince any one, that those words *never could have had a place in the sentence*. But I drop the subject, with the remark that Collier is a very unfortunate person in having introduced to the public such a mass of questionable things."

— The London publishers, Messrs. Hogg, have hit on a happy title for a book. They announce "The Queens of Society," to comprise memoirs of the really influential and celebrated women of France and England, whose careers illustrate the history, literature, and manners of the times in which they lived.

— The "History of the Working Classes in France," from the conquests of Julius Cæsar in Gaul to the present time, by M. du Cellier, is pronounced a most important contribution to historical and social science. The author decides that, though the French working classes have had and still have much to suffer, their condition has been steadily improving in all important respects, from century to century.

— The firm of Derby & Jackson has been altered by the retirement of Josiah N. Starin, and the acquisition of N. Beardsley and O. M. Fitch, the former a special, and the latter a general partner. Mr. Fitch has had many years' experience, and is well and favorably known to the trade.

— The widow of Santerre, the brewer—who played a prominent part in the French Revolution, and presided at the execution of Louis XVI.—is still living. She resides in the Faubourg St. Germain, and affirms that she has in her possession the keys of the Bastille; also a number of curious minutes and manuscripts relative to persons who were imprisoned in that fortress.

— Chancellor Walworth, of Saratoga, has written an article in *The Saratogian*, of that village, in which the long mooted question of how many children John Rogers had when he was burned at the stake, is clearly and definitely settled. The number is two. Many of the Chancellor's relatives are descendants from the martyr.

— Longfellow's "Miles Standish" is to be set to music by Mr. F. Kielblock, of New Bedford, Mass. It will be sung in Boston, under direction of Carl Zerrahn.

— The following is from the *Providence Journal*:—

A distinguished preacher of Boston having delivered a sermon or a lecture upon mean men, some one has asked for a sermon on mean women. We think that Tennyson's brief sermon on the whole subject will hardly be surpassed even by the most prolix discourse. It is found in Vivien, one of the "Idylls of the King":—

"For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell."

— Rev. Dr. Lamson, of Dedham, Mass., is about to publish a work with the title, "The Fathers of the Primitive Church Opposed to the Trinity."

— The *Bibliographie de la France* announces the death on the 18th inst., of an eminent Paris bookseller, M. Jules Mathieu German Baillière. He was buried on the 20th, and his funeral was numerously attended by members of the Paris 'trade.'

— Mr. WINWOOD READE, nephew of CHARLES READE, the novelist, has published a novel called "LIBERTY HALL, Oxen," which is described by *The Leader* as a gross attack upon "Oxford and her Colleges." The following extract from the book—descriptive of dancers—is very refreshing:

"As they whirled round, her eyes like black stars shone hotly upon him, her red juicy lips were pouted up towards him; he clasped her nearer to his breast. Still they danced on, their bosoms resting on each other, soft low whispers passing between them, and her hair caressing his forehead like a Summer breeze."

☞ All communications relating to theatrical or musical matters should be addressed to "Personne, Dramatic Editor of The Saturday Press."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Personal.

Being somewhat 'friz up' this week, my naturally gushing disposition and gas and water pipes being congealed, I may say dammed, and the theatres being barren of novelty, and as you had last week a good deal more of the subscriber than many important (in their own estimation) people liked, and——well I might go on with that awkward conjunction interminably, but I won't. All I desire to say is that, owing to all the above-mentioned circumstances and some more, I shall give a little space to my correspondence, which is rather a good thing to do, I think.

Correspondence.

To Personne:

I have *never* been so much disgusted with anything in *the whole course of my life* as your last what-do-you-call-it Feuilleton (just as if you couldn't get an English heading or signature!) Why don't you take and read the beautiful critiques in the Boston and Philadelphia papers, and write like them? What do you go to the theatre for nothing for, unless it is to say sweet and pretty things about the actresses and actors, that is, I mean the star-ones, such as Matilda Heron, and Laura Keene, and Mrs. Hoey?—Do you think *you* can play the parts better? Why don't you just take and *try* it, that's all.

There's Matilda Heron, now. I wish you had just written about her like that, in San Francisco, that's all. Actresses' lovers, protectors, and so on, go out gunning every morning after critics who say a single word against them on the stage, though, to do the paper-men justice, they very rarely do say a word that isn't favorable, nice and proper.

And then you must go to work and make fun of *Lesbia*. You can't appreciate it. My cousin Henrietta-Jane, who writes for the *Ledger* a good deal, says it is a high and holy work, dealing with and arousing the best, noblest, and loftiest impulses of our nature. It deals with Love—the divine passion, the religion of Woman—from a grand stand-point. Henrietta-Jane said a great deal more about her sympathies being worked up, and how grand Matilda Heron was when she travelled around the stage in them boots you talk about, and stood in attitudes with all sorts of scarfs and things around her head, and talked with the dear, delightful, melting tears in the voice, which you don't know from moaning and whining.

Besides, don't women moan and whine in real life? I guess they do. My aunt Sarah-Elizabeth, who lives three miles back of Edgartown, on the Cape, kept company with a young man who followed the sea. And they were published, and everything was set for the day, when he took and married a widow-woman in Nantucket, because she was well off. And my ma says that she went and took on just like Matilda Heron does, and you might take and shut your eyes and think it was her.(!)

Then you go and find fault with her dress. What do *you* know about it. And if she wanted to look as if she weighed a ton, is that any of *your* business?

It aint much matter after all, there! The people in Boston—and I guess *they* know—said *Lesbia* was great, and Matilda Heron a divine artist, a priestess of the inner sanctuary of the soul, and so on, and I guess that's enough.

I forgot one thing that Henrietta-Jane said, she said one place after Mr. Wallack had been going around and around the stage saying all sorts of wicked things to everybody for two hours and more, he got exhausted and said to Jordan, "Come! let us cuss together." Henrietta-Jane thinks Cobb never equalled that. And you say it's trash! Who are you?

Then about Laura Keene. A young man in our house who is in a store now, but who has fine literary talents, and plays on the German flute, says he knows all about the Theatre and you don't. Laura Keene (he says and I say) is a delightful actress; unaffectedness, grace, and naïveté mark all her movements. Her facial outline is classic, her figure round with the first bloom of youth, her eyes beam with maiden freshness, and her elocution is like the music of the lutes. [We did that together, *aint* it nice?] And then that dear Mrs. Hoey! Why I have seen her wear real diamonds, and her laces are perfectly lovely on the stage. How anybody but a brute, which you must be, could write against so precious an artist, is beyond my comprehension.

I think the proprietors of The Saturday Press ought to take and get some one else to write. We don't want so much French, nor making fun of everything. We want a real American Feuilleton such as they have in the Sunday papers. I am sure there's the *Dispatch* is funny enough when it don't try to be, and the Sunday *Times* is poetic and delightful.

And if you don't like our actresses, you better go off to Paris at once, and see your French artists (nasty things).

Indignantly,

Nancy Scudder.

[No relation to Salem.]

Good Personne!

A capital Feuilleton last week. I always knew you would come round to our side, and told my friend, First-Mortgage, so at the Club many a time. You haven't any actresses now. In my day actresses were only actresses. You never read any stuff in the papers about their religion, or their morals, or their social position, or any nonsense of that sort. Then they all stood fair and square on their own legs. [Now, I understand, there's no telling about the reality of anything.] Those were the days of the old Park, and Mr. Wallack's fine theatre in Leonard street, and Hamblin up the Bowery had some actresses who for beauty and talent would make your hair curl, my boy.

I am glad, Personne, to see you have pluck enough to speak out. It will do them good. The public accepts certain things, not because it is satisfied with them, but because it cannot get anything else. But for those things to claim superiority on account of a forced recognition, is laughably absurd.

I have some English mutton for you, on ——, if you like, and you may have Lafitte if you don't go and upset everything you've done between now and that time, which you generally do; and come at six sharp. None of your nonsense. Unpunctuality at dinner is the meanest of crimes. Yours patronizingly,

The Oldest Man.

Club, Tuesday.

A. M.

I don't know anything about art, or æsthetics, or things of that kind. When I was in the convent I used to get some of the clever girls to do all the hard things for me, and I used to help them smuggle letters for it. Ma says I don't know anything now, but I know I know the German and the Russian quadrille, and crochet, and lots of nice things. When I went to *Jamie Deans* I cried and I laughed a good deal, and I wasn't a bit tired. And the Circus too was nice, and I laughed a good deal there and wished there was more of it; and when the man jumped, O, I don't know how far, my heart came right up in my mouth. Now I don't know like a critic, but *Lesbia* made me very tired, and if it hadn't been for chocolates and some young men I should have gone to sleep several times. And I think Mr. Lester's *Poor Young Man* was a great fool, and if I had been the Rich Young Woman I should have taken and married the other man that Mr. Walcot took, and I think Mrs. Hoey was dressed in the best taste, and Miss Gannon made me laugh, and the other woman that played the governess was funny too, and there were more chocolates and young men, and you never saw such a fright as that Miss —— and I guess that's all.

Tout-à-vous,

Anna Maria.

Extracts.

"Very good about Heron, but all wrong about Keene."

"Capital about Heron and Keene, but all nonsense about Mrs. Hoey."

"How can you put Heron in the same category with Miss Keene and Mrs. Hoey. She is a grand artist, they only hacks."

Faits Divers.

Lesbia has gone down to an early grave. "One more unfortunate rashly importunate," etc. There let her rest, and as the lonely stranger plods his homeward way through the Rue de Mercer, near the classic pump on the corner of Amity, let him not, if he can make it convenient, refuse the tribute of a sigh. The boots with the gold fringe around the tops were worth as much as that.

The cool weather has thinned out the attendance at the Theatres. At Laura Keene's, *Jamie Deans* is found quite as attractive as ever. I suppose it will run along till Spring.

I have seen the *Octoroon* at the New Bowery, and on the whole think the performance a good one. Mr. Boniface, who played the Indian, has all the pre-requisites of a first-rate artist. His performance of Wah-no-tee was the perfect poetic realization of the character. Another noticeable point was afforded by an exact copy of Mrs. Allen's *Zoe*, at the hand of Mrs. W. G. Jones. La belle Allen has a style at last. She has been honored with an imitation. Let her persevere and she may arrive at the dignity of being cut up in the papers.

I may say here that the New Bowery is a very comfortable, well-ordered theatre, and quite a good thing to do once in a while. It already attracts a portion of the Broadway audience. The company is fair, but there ought to be at least one pretty woman in it.

MM. Lester Wallack, Pierrepont Edwards, and Octave Feuillet's *Romance of a Poor Young Man*, has made a clear and well-defined success at Wallack's. The play has many good points, not the least of which is the intense struggle between the actresses on the question of clothes. It is a first-rate thing for the dry-goods trade, upon which, I am told, rests the foundation of the Union. What a delightful thought it is that the Constitution is supported by crinoline, defended by moire antique, shielded by Lyons velvet, and guaranteed by hoops of steel. Let Louisiana and Maine be united with Berlin wool, let Carolina and Rhode Island meet and kiss each other over a skein of floss silk. It is a great deal nicer than the old stuff about the principles of some party or other. I say let crinoline be exalted. Let the Ada Clares flourish and reign supreme forever and ever.

Our mercurial friends the Gauls are going on with the French theatre, after a fashion. The company is very fair. Laurent, beyond all doubt, the best actress in New York. The stage is well cared for by Mannstein, but a good business manager is needed.

Operatic.

Much to the delight of the Brightest and the Best, we are to have another opera season, to commence at Irving Place next Monday.

The *Puritani* will be sung by Patti, Brignoli, Susini, and Amodio. Anna Maria, who has been at Boston, helping a young woman to get married (the most delightful employment of the sex, next to being actually bonded themselves), writes thus to Sophonisba:

"I went to the opera on Wednesday. They sung "the *Puritani*. Patti was delightful, as she always is. "Brignoli was not so good as usual. He seemed as if "he was mad about something."

He will please recover his senses next Monday. I am afraid the ecstasies of the Athenian critics over his acting in the *Barber* have reduced him to a state of idiocy. It will be very interesting to see Brignoli with his new dramatic laurels. Hear the *Times*:

> The Bostonians have been very good-natured to our wanderers. They have received their operas all the week through with decorous approbation, and have vehemently applauded their oratorios on Sunday nights, although they have been obliged to confess that "Beethoven's symphony in C minor did not *sound natural* away from the Music Hall." They think Patti a pleasing young lady of fine promise, and they have discovered that Brignoli is a person of decided dramatic genius. This discovery alone was well worth the price we have paid for it in giving up our opera so long to the wise men of the East. Our opera-world will have the goodness to prepare itself immediately for a new sensation. We have long heard our accomplished tenor emulating the "pearl-showering" voice of Rubini. To see him grasping at the laurels of Talma will be rapture thrice-refined.

Meantime there have been great rows at Boston. Patti has had a sore throat. Gassaniga refused to sing unless she was paid, and the funds not appearing, went to law with Strakosch, and as a foreign friend of mine writes, "they are all under their bails." "An editor of a newspaper," as Seward called Greeley, pitched into Strakosch, and there was a personal rencounter with damage, on dit, to the manager. Colson, le mari, had a row with the *Evening Gazette* people about Madame. No list of killed and wounded has yet been received; but as A. M. is on the spot, full particulars may be looked for next week. Queer people these operatic jokers, any way; almost as bad as Congressmen.

Oliver Twist.

Lesbia was replaced, on Thursday, at the Winter Garden, by a new version of Oliver Twist.

A new version, which varied only from that which has been heretofore familiar to the public in two particular incidents,—one the killing of *Nancy Sykes* off the stage, and the other an attempt to give an exact representation of the death of *Bill Sykes*, with his wonderful escape after the murder of *Nancy*—an effect which is altogether beyond the reach of the actor, the stage carpenter, and the machinist.

Matilda Heron was the *Nancy Sykes*, Mr. Wallack played *Fagan*, and Mr. George Jordan essayed the part of the house-breaker. The Shu-shu-gar makes a good *Nancy Sykes*. She is redolent of White-Chapel and the gin-palace. She made a success, clear and decided.

Everybody acted as well as they could, but the play was spoiled by the carpenters. The last act was, through a series of contretemps, an utter failure.

This, however, may be remedied, in future performances.

As it is, in spite of a fine cast and splendid mise en scène, Oliver Twist must be set down as only a succes d'estime, which is the polite French manner of killing a play.

Personne.

[For the Saturday Press.]

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

VI.

I hear that some of my friends are wearied by these conversations with Nature. I am not surprised. For she will not flatter them—and they love to be flattered. Those who commune with her freely, she takes away from themselves. She has no food for vanity, and the egotist famishes on such nourishment. So they are getting very thin. In the country, upon the immeasurable lap of Nature, man reposes like a tired child, and as he looks about him, and at the blue infinity on high, he feels (if he be susceptible of anything more than animal feeling) his own littleness; but in the pent-up streets and chambers of the city, where live the scoffers at Nature's teachings, surrounded with luxurious appliances of his own creating, man is lifted into self-importance and grows forgetful of Nature and her Author. The politeness and urbanities of convention, and to the strong mind the struggle with and triumph over the duller and weaker of his kind, flatters self, till in fancy at least man becomes deity. Nature's sunlight laughs in the face of the wit, but not at his jest. She dazzles him with her light, but does not applaud his eloquence, or defer to his cunning. Her voices and her silence are more eloquent than an angel's tongue, and the hopelessness of rivalry with them saddens the proud. Nature's votaries are humble, and draw nigh to her, worshipping the "cause of the effect." To the vain she is ever a stranger; but to the adorer of her mysteries, she opens inexhaustible stores, and imparts perennial joys forever. To them she becomes a living, breathing, speaking goddess. Her vital colors carry home thoughts and feelings to the heart; her fragrance and forms breathe joy into the soul, and her meanings become as clear as the familiar words of those we love. The birds sing, the brooks murmur, the breezes sigh;—the heart listens. The trees wave, the waters sparkle and play, the birds circle, the beasts gambol, in harmony with one's own consciousness, and the sun, instead of being a mere source of material heat, warms one with love.

The senses are often destroyed by disease. Inactivity more often than overwork causes the death of the highest faculties. Unnatural glare and artificial stimuli dull the sight, taste, smell, and hearing, and Nature's sweetness and healthful force cease to be felt or relished. The foul atmosphere, the filthy street, the discordant rattle, the moiling and parasitical life of the city, become the elements of existence with those who have lost a zest for Nature, and they would perish away from them.

To such the earth beyond their bounds is one vast market-garden or pasturage, and the sea a fish-pond. They remind me of the wife of Sir Walter Scott, who, while walking in the country with the great novelist, was requested by him to observe the lambs playing in the Spring clover. "Are they not," demanded the baronet, "well chosen as emblems of innocence and love?" "They are indeed charming creatures," replied her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce." Many entertain sentiments similar to those of Lady Scott, and some have the ingenuousness to avow them. But what a view of Nature is this! Shall it be conceded, that to be rendered acceptable she must die? Or worse, shall it be admitted that our love for her is like the canibal's regard for a human creature, whom he likes best after he has cooked him?

Who prefers a fragrant extract to living floral perfume? Logs to a green and waving tree? The dead splash of an artificial fountain to the gush of the mountain cataract? Or the singing of the caged bird to the joy-inspired notes of the songster of the grove?

If we have sacrificed our zest for Nature, we have lost a sense hardly less valuable than any of the ordinary five. It is a misfortune, and no true theory can be based on it.

A sincere and profound love of Nature's beauties preserves the mind always young and fresh. No man can become truly great and good without it. He may be witty, ingenuous, talented, successful, but with such a deficiency he cannot be a genius or a hero in life, or even in art.

Who loves not his mother is generally a wretch. Nature is our mother in a full and lofty sense. From her breast we derive not only the necessities of life, but immediately or indirectly all that delights the senses—all that supports life and makes it endurable; all that is beautiful in color, ravishing in sweetness and form, enchanting in sound; every relic, indeed, of the lost paradise.

R. W. P.

[For the Saturday Press.]

THE EMPTY FLASK.

[The poet apostrophizeth—chiefly for his own pleasure, but also for that of the Bohemians—a little perfume-flask which they all know something about.]

I.

With something of a sweet regret
  Because I know you will not do
The thing I ask you, little pet,
  Here in the night I talk with you.
Of you a hundred things I ask:
  From mood to mood my fancy slips:
While thus, dear little empty flask,
  You breathe the fragrance of her lips.

II.

Now by the sunshine of her eyes,
  The love-light of her gentle brow,
The tender music of her sighs,
  The dreams that she is dreaming now,—
Give me your secret, good or ill!
  Give me her thought—for I will know:—
My little pet, you're very still
  And faithful—I can read you, though!

III.

The lingering scent of withered flowers;
  The thought how lovely things depart;
The sweet regret for sweeter hours;
  The memory of a happier heart;
Love—which the soul no longer keeps;
  Smiles when the face is but a mask;—
Such meaning in your sweetness sleeps!
  These are your secrets, little flask!

IV.

Dear lady, have I read aright
  The serious meaning hidden here?
No matter! In my pure delight
  Your little gift is just as dear!
Dear—and the moral goes for naught.
  I find my sweet content in this:—
You gave it with a gentle thought,
  Because you gave it with a kiss!

V.

And so my song is not a task,
  'Tis all my ardent joy in you;
I win from out this little flask
  The sweetness and the music too!
From where those pretty lips did kiss,
  I kiss the rose of orient climes;
And through a splendid dream of bliss,
  I fold its sweetness in my rhymes.

Will Winter.

Night of January 30th.

—The London *Athenæum* is a bit funny regarding the conductors of cheap would-be-popular religious literature. It says:

> There is a certain epic dignity about all religious subjects and biblical Records which it is not wise to disturb. The line is so thin, and so easily broken, which divides the ridiculous from the sublime, that it will not bear the touch of the lightest trespasser, much less the clumsy kicking of undiscerning men. A single letter will derange the ideas of nineteen centuries. The name of Solomon has the calm, cold, statuesque dignity of an Egyptian sphinx;—the name of Solomons is suggestive of fried fish, auction-mart "riggers," second-hand garments, and the slums of Aldgate. The "Israel in Egypt" is a great work of a great master, in which the Red Sea gapes and roars even within the walls of a conventional concert-room; but call it Israels in Egypt, before a note is sounded, and it will suggest no picture but the Pyramids half covered with the placards of an advertising tailor. The conductors of would-be-popular moral and religious literature—honest and persevering as they may be—have not been sufficiently careful, or sufficiently endowed with a pure sense of the ludicrous, to avoid this rock, and for this reason they have lost ground, to my thinking, instead of gaining it.

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Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15,	fast	4 seconds.	Aug. 15,	fast	18 seconds.
July 1,	"	6 "	Sept. 1,	"	23 "
" 15,	"	10 "	" 15,	"	28 "
Aug. 1,	"	16 "	Oct. 1,	"	32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

Paul Morphy.

Boston, Sept. 27th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

James H. Clapp,

Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

Boston, Sept. 28th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

George E. Porter.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

Norman Wiard,

Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

Boston, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

Albert Metcalf, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

James Floy, D.D.

Boston, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month

Capt. Gorham H. Bassett.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly,

C. C. Sheafe.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.;

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6039, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours,

G. A. Fuller,

Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

Newtonville, Aug. 26th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

William B. Spear.

New York, Oct. 6th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

Dear Sir:—The American Watch, No. 5076, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly,

H. L. Stuart.

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[For the Saturday Press.]

Poemet.

That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro, seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,
How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits,
How often I question and doubt whether that is really me;
But in these, and among my lovers, and carolling my songs,
O I never doubt whether that is really me.

WALT WHITMAN.

[From Life in Spain: Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury.]

CIGAR-MAKING IN SEVILLE.

There were but a few hours left to me in Seville, and I had to go to the government cigar manufactory and to ascend the Moorish tower of the Giralda.

I was anxious to see the cigar-making, because smoking is so preeminently a Spanish national habit, and this palace of a manufactory is the well-spring of Spanish smoking. All the tobacco comes from Cadiz. Cadiz, that bright Venice of Iberia, is the depot of the Havana leaf, and its quays are heaped up with the dry, scented, brown-veined leaves which contain that precious soothing balm to the worn and sorrowful, which the Spaniard loves so well, in the red crucible of a pipe-bowl, to extract and turn to vapor. In all places the Spaniard smokes in his lounging, dreaming way, whether he be a fruit-seller, sitting beside his green and golden pyramid of melons; whether a butcher, grand over his gilt and painted scales; whether bare-breasted porter, asleep, with his rough head resting, like a wandering Jacob, on a seaside rock; whether tight-coated Custom-house official, or lover clinging at midnight to the grating that shuts in his mistress: on mule, in boat, in vineyard, pepper-picking or grape-treading, the Spaniard smokes, as if he was born for that special purpose and no other.

Not far from the gate of San Fernando I find the tobacco manufactory, whose vast roofs—for there are twenty-eight court-yard squares in this one cincture of walls—cover a hideous jumble of passages, cloisters, terraced inclosures, and factory halls, the work of a Dutch projector in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. It has a moat, and has been in its time fortified against the Carlists, yet its yellow stucco does not appear pitted with shot, though it is sloughed with dirt. I see nothing of the four thousand cigar-makers of Seville as I go into the porter's lodge, where two or three idle, seedy, lounging warders drone away the hot hours; but I wait in a sort of dingy guard-room while one of the pauper warders goes to some still idler superior with my card to obtain admission for me. The only visible thing in the room is a dead almanac of five years back, with a Catharine-wheel cobweb spun over its face, and on the window-sill, which looks into the court-yard, is the invariable Arab water-jar, placed ready for the stranger or chance-comer, be he king or peasant, friend or dun. It is of the usual dirty white color—the usual dirty kid glove tone—and is now, as I raise it to my thirsty lips, empty, all but a mocking drop that trickles gratefully on my tongue. I pronounce a blessing on the last drinker, which puts me in a right state of mind to wait ten long Spanish minutes for my messenger, who at last returns, and leads me off down purgatorial passages, playing the Virgil to my Dante.

I first go through courts where splashing fountains toss about prodigal silver over their octagonal marble basins and circumjacent courtyard stones, which are rendered luminously and transparently wet. I see everywhere empty piles and square packing-cases of this precious weed that, like a Christian martyr, seems most lovely when burning, and perishes in the full odor of its sanctity. I enter the low, dark, shady cellar rooms on the ground floor, where the celebrated rapee snuff—the snuff that, in Louis the Fourteenth's books, and in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* period, was called "the Spanish" *par excellence*. This is the snuff that, put as a joke in his wine, killed the wit and verse-maker Santeul. This was the irritating scented dust that was the special luxury of the clergy of this priest-haunted city in the good old times, when bands of black shovel-hats filled the city squares and public places. Here are brown snuff-colored men coloring the black chocolate-colored powder with red ochrus earth from the seaport of Carthagena. I look like a mad apothecary who has covered himself with his own drugs as with penitent dust and ashes: for my black coat is covered with the orange rhubarb-colored dust, and I grow snuffier than the snuffiest canon that ever drawled a mass.

The guide tells me that snuffing in the old times was more common than smoking. I have no respect for the dirty, old-woman's habit that ruins one's stomach, destroys one's sense of smell and taste, and brings on diseases of the throat, nose, and eyes; so I sneeze loudly in protest and disgust, passing it off humbly as the infirmity of a stranger. There they go on—those brown old men—chopping the leaves ready for grinding on huge oak blocks which are yellow and dusty. There are scuppers and troughs full of the black, treacherous dust, and there are vats of black treacle, with sickly bubbles rising to the surface, in which some of the tobacco is steeped and glued together. The men, I observe, seem working more like careless soldiers engaged on public works than ordinary disciplined workmen in a great national factory.

In other courts and rooms that I pass through—following Virgil, who is, I think, anxious to get to dinner, yet is not a refuser of a peseta (shilling)—they are sawing deal planks for boxes, knocking together huge packing-cases, and burning in certain letters which form the government brand. In corners of the courts, under shelter of porticoes, or drying in loose shuffling heaps on the leaden roofs high above the city, lies the tobacco—the Indian refuse that brings such pleasant waking dreams to weary souls all over the weary world—the herb we offer daily in frequent sacrifice to the great blue devil who torments and pinches us with mental gripes and pains if we fall duly to propitiate him. There are the great spear-headed, ribbed leaves, dry, dark brown, and fragrant, piled in great sacrificial altar-heaps, all brought, I suppose, from that mountain of tobacco I saw gathered together, amid shattered wrecks of scented Havana packing-cases, in the moat-like court of the government store at Cadiz, fresh from the holds of West Indian ships. I remember it was as I wandered round the sea-walls, thinking of the brave swoop our hot-headed Essex made once on the boastful city, that I came suddenly on this store, and felt like Sinbad when he dropped into the valley of diamonds. If I had, at that moment, lit three teacup-bowled German pipes, put them all in my mouth, and smoked for thirty years without stopping, I should never have made any perceptible hole in that tobacco mountain. No! not if I had bought a steamer's funnel, crammed that full of the weed, put on a bassoon mouthpiece, and smoked for fifty years. It was a nation's tobacco-box.

But it is the cigareras, or female cigar-smokers, three or four thousand in number, who are the special curiosities of the Seville tobacco factory. They pass me by twos and threes, laughing and chatting, barefooted or grisettishly shod, in every court and passage. They are the Murillo women, the city Dulcineas, and are a sect and caste in themselves, employed here in slowly toiling through their annual task of making two million pounds of cigars. These are the women whose sires perished in the fires of the Inquisition, in the bull-ring, and the Moorish battle-field. Knife, guitar, and cigar they handle equally well. What a clack and Babel of jarring tongues there is as I enter the chief hall, where some two thousand of these loose-clad matrons and damsels are seated in *vis-à-vis* groups at long, low, oval tables. Their bare arms and necks seem as of unbaked clay, moist and yellow. One of these chattering, quick-eyed parrot women, nimble as a lizard, and restlessly noisy as a galleny, can, it is said, twiddle up twelve bundles of cigars in a day, each *atado* containing fifty cigars. The nimbleness with which that woman, with the red handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin, furls up the brown leaf into a twisted tube, is something as near a miracle as you can well get, particularly as our quick-fingered friend is a mother. "—— and is thinking of home—affecting incident?" Pooh! thinking?—what use in thinking? Why, there is her little brown child in a rude cradle by her side. The cradle is on rollers, and she rolls them with her foot, while her hands twirl the cigar-leaves. The little Pedro is firm asleep in the cradle on its back, with its little fists catalepsied up in the air. It has nothing particular on but a little sort of ridiculous dirty white shirt, and round its fat roll of a neck dangles an ivory ring, which, I suppose, does as well for dental purposes as a coral radish mounted silver. A bowl of paste is on our matron's table: with this she fastens that little nipple of the cigar that smokers bite off as they would a fruit-stalk. On shelves above her are bundles of unfinished cigars, brown and fluted like so many Pandean pipes cut into lengths. I do not see round them those pleasant soft crimson and yellow silk bands which you see in London tobacconist's windows, so I suppose that those are added as a finishing off and final bloom.

But I must mention, just to show that I had eyes, and saw what could be seen, that our matron Caterina was not satisfied with the double and onerous task of rolling government cigars and rocking the dormant Pedro: she was also dining, and her frugal dinner of clouded yellow grapes, greasy to the eye, her salt fish, and white cakey bread were lying by her on the table, which was rather dirtier than the floor. It required quite a family man's assurance to face those files of hungry, impudent, defiant, wicked, quizzing black eyes; still, I do not know that I felt much the worse for it. So I went on to other rooms, all full of mischievous chattering girls, brimful of fun and gossip, who were loading white cigarette tubes or rolling those brown Havana leaves, so crisp and fragrant. They form a pleasant gipsy encampment to look at as you take them in a *coup d'œil* from one end of the hall, with their red and yellow head-cloths, strange colored turbans and *impromptu* coquettish draperies twisted and bound round their coarse, full-blooded faces. We see no more the old mantilla that the ancient cigarrera wore, and which was an Eastern sort of disguise, such as the Scripture women had, and such as you still see in the half Moorish town of Tarifa. It was crossed over the face and bosom, and was a provoking, enticing, love-making sort of disguise, that left only the signal-making eyes and candid forehead visible. The noise is as of the Babel confusion of tongues; the unruly members buzz like spinning wheels.

I leave these young Jezebels to slander, scandal, love confidences, and general happy chatter, and pace on, following Virgil through a train of more courts and ante-rooms, where hags nurse children and cook dinners over red, glowing charcoal. There were groups eating, playing at dominoes, and children who seemed merely waiting there for their sisters or mothers. There were stony-faced crones, Macbeth witches, with throats a pucker of yellow wrinkles, like the folding part of a bellows, sitting sibyl-like, waiting for I know not what. And so, passing by more coffin-rows of empty presses and piles of brown autumn tobacco-leaves, and talked at by more wandering troops of cigar-girls, I broke my way into the torrid street, and bore straight toward the Giralda, which, mast-like (as Ford, ever quick at similes, says), rises from the brown-burned sea of roofs, an eternal monument of the Pyramid builders and their bygone faith.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Hark! the jingle
Of the sleigh-bell's song!
Earth and air in snowy sheen commingle;
Swiftly throng,
Norseland fancies as we sail along.

Like the maiden
Of some fairy-tale,
Lying, spell-bound, in her diamond-laden
Bridal veil,
Sleeps the Earth beneath a garment pale.

High above us
Gleams the ancient moon—
Gleam the eyes of shining ones that love us;
Could their tune
Only fill our ears at Heaven's noon,

You and I, love,
With a wild delight,
Hearing that seraphic strain would die, love,
This same night,
Straight to join them in their starry height!

Closer nestle,
Dearest, to my side:
What enchantment, in one magic vessel
Thus to glide,
Making music, on a silver tide.

Jingle! jingle!
How the fields go by!
Earth and air in snowy sheen commingle
Far and nigh;
Is the ground beneath us, or the sky?

Heavenward yonder,
In the lurid North,
From Valhalla's gates that roll asunder,
Red and wroth,
Balder's funeral flames are blazing forth.

O, what splendor;
How the hues expire!
All the elves of light their tribute render
To the pyre!
Clad in robes of gold and crimson fire.

Softly fusing,
Every color rare,
Half its own prismatic brilliance losing
Grows more fair,
Blending with the lunar glory there;

Even so, love,
All my yearning heart
In etherial passion is a-glow, love,
And thine art
To its hues new lustre shall impart.

Jingle! jingle!
Let the Earth go by!
With a wilder thrill our pulses tingle;
You and I
Will shout our loves, but aye forget to sigh.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brewer, 1860.

Of all the rivalries in the art of book-making, none has been more beneficial to readers and writers, than the emulation and competition among the authors, compilers, and publishers of Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, Glossaries, etc., designed to aid persons in the study of languages, and the various arts and sciences. Within the last two hundred and fifty years, nearly five hundred works of the kinds named have been published. More than thirty Dictionaries of the English Language, it is stated, have been published in the United States.

Yet notwithstanding these numerous publications in this department of literature, there was still a want felt and expressed by the public for something better. In view of this, Dr. Worcester announced to the public, several years since, that he had a new Dictionary in preparation which would embody the results of a long life in etymological, orthoëpical and lexicographical studies. Within a month Dr. Worcester's Royal Quarto Dictionary has been published; and to show that the author did not misapprehend the necessity and demand for such a work, it is only necessary to state that the first edition of six thousand copies has already been sold, and the second edition will soon be out.

The introductory portion comprises treatises on Orthography,—English Grammar,—the Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language,—Principles of Pronunciation,—Archaisms, Provincialisms, and Americanisms,—and a History of English Lexicography, with a list of English Dictionaries, Glossaries, Encyclopedias, etc.,—followed by one of the most complete vocabularies of words ever compiled and published. The author's "Universal Dictionary contained 27,000 words more than Todd's Johnson, and the Royal Quarto contains 19,000 more than the Universal," or a total aggregate of about 104,000 words, none of which have been introduced without reputable authority. A complete glossary of words for the readers of English literature must contain some obsolete and obsolescent words, as well as provincial, local, and colloquial words that are unworthy of the use of elegant writers and good speakers.

The Appendix contains lists of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, arranged alphabetically, and pronounced according to the best authorities; also, lists of Geographical names, and the names of distinguished men of modern times, and abbreviations used in writing and printing; marks used by proof-readers; a collection of words, phrases, etc., from Greek, Latin, and modern languages; and other important information to the practical man.

The department of orthoëpy is very critically and fully treated. In relation to words of doubtful or disputed pronunciation, English orthoëpists are cited, and their modes of pronouncing the words in question are given. This part of the work has already been approved by competent judges.

In orthography, the author professes to have had regard to etymology, and the best usage of the times; and where good usage is not uniform, etymology and analogy have been considered in deciding doubtful points. No innovations have been introduced with regard to cases in which usage is settled.

In spelling, as in pronunciation, the author has given that mode which appeared to him to be supported by good usage, and approved by the greatest number of competent authorities. In defining words, he has denoted the root of nearly every word introduced into the vocabulary, where it is both etymologically defined and illustrated, as employed by standard writers of the English language, by citations therefrom, thus making the Quarto to abound in the choicest gems of English literature from the days of Chaucer to the present time, thereby serving the twofold purpose of entertaining and enlightening the student in his investigations. To render this department of the work still more complete and satisfactory, the author has collected about five thousand words which are often used synonymously, and has, by comparing their similarities and showing their dissimilarities or differences, enabled persons, desirous of doing so, to attain correctness and precision in the use of words. They are interspersed in their alphabetical order through the work.

To aid persons who refer to a Dictionary for the definitions of words, still further, numerous cuts have been introduced and interspersed through the vocabulary, in order to give the mind clear and correct apprehensions of things of which verbal descriptions or explanations produce but faint conceptions, or such as are entirely erroneous. These relate to heraldry, mathematics, architecture, mechanics, the various departments of natural history, etc. These, too, answer a twofold purpose, first, by giving distinct ideas of objective things, and secondly in serving to render the Dictionary exceedingly attractive to children and youth, which is an important point secured.

In addition to what appropriately belongs to a Dictionary of the English Language, it contains numerous technical terms relating to theology, law, medicine, architecture, astronomy, botany, chemistry, entomology, geology, ichthyology, mathematics, mechanics, mineralogy, music, ornithology, palæontology, zoölogy, etc., in the preparation and revision of which terms the author had the assistance of some of the most distinguished men of the country; and, therefore, this feature of the work is of great value and convenience. Hence, the Quarto really possesses the most important portions of an encyclopedia, in addition to those of a comprehensive, critical English Dictionary. And it contains besides numerous critical and valuable notes and observations on pronunciation, the use of words, phrases, etc., occurring on almost every page.

The initial vocabularies of Greek and Latin and Scripture proper names, have been carefully revised, and of Walker's Key, containing 10,480 names, 2,200 have been rejected as useless, or as typographical errors; in about 500 his pronunciation has been corrected, with numerous other errors, and 6,580 names added. Of Walker's list of Scripture names, about 500 words have been rejected as having no place among proper names, and 746 have been added.—*Boston Transcript*.

MACAULAY.

The London correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* thus describes the notable men assembled at the funeral of Macaulay:

> There could not have been one thousand persons present in the Abbey to-day; and yet, small as that number seems, how few of our most conspicuous names in the senate, in law, in literature, the arts, the sciences, were wanting! Standing on the altar steps, and looking on the South transept—diagonally divided by the barrier that separated the spectators from the grave, and so available for but half its narrow space—while waiting for the funeral procession to approach by the side door on the South side of the nave, one could not but be struck with the affluence of distinguished men present on this occasion.
>
> Take that group of lawyers—one of many such—it comprises the thoughtful head of Page Wood, in conversation with the Master of the Rolls; Charles Austin, the greatest Parliamentary counsel of our time; Lord Cranworth, and Mr. Justice Willes. Within arm's length is the full-blown face of Mr. Edwin James, surmounted by a black velvet skull-cap—for the day is raw and the Abbey is chilling—and around him a half-dozen of Queen's Counsel and Sergeants less known to fame, but all famous too.
>
> And there is Baron van de Weyer, in eager talk with Mr. Panizzi, the burley librarian of the British Museum; Dr. Hawtrey, Lord Broughton, Lord Monteagle, and Lord Belper; Professor Owen, Sir Roderick Murchison. Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Charles Manby, Secretary of the Civil Engineer's Society; and at their elbows that worn-massive, almost grim face, seamed with lines of thought, and bronzed by an Indian sun, belongs to Sir John Lawrence, who is in earnest talk with Lord Stanley. And there is a group of members of Parliament—Mr. Massey, Mr. Hardcastle, Mr. Baines, Mr. John Locke, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Tite, Mr. Thomson Hankey, and others too numerous to mention. Mr. Monckton Milnes and Mr. Cardwell are not in the transept; they have followed the funeral procession, and will accompany the coffin to its resting-place. There is the refined and studious face of George Grote—conspicuous by his stature; and near him the Rev. Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, round faced and sagacious looking, and Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Those two stalwart sons of Anak overtopping the crowd by the head and broad shoulders are Mr. Higgins (the 'Jacob Omnium' of *The Times*) and Mr. Thackeray, conspicuous for his snow-white hair and kindly-sad face. I do not see Mr. Dickens, but he must be in the crowd. Charles Knight is here; his first visit, he tells his companions, to the Abbey for such a ceremonial since Cannin's funeral; and here are the great publishers, Longman, and Murray, and their brethren, Bentley, and Parker, and Chambers—mixed with the Academicians Dyce, and Ward and Cooke. I see Baron Marochetti scanning critically those strange vagaries of monumental sculpture, and thinking, perhaps, how different a use he would have made of the opportunities. And there are foreigners too—not a few—of all ranks and races—from such celebrities as Gen. Napka and Ferdinand Freiligrath, to an unknown negro gentleman, who looked on reverently and alone, to the disgust, perhaps, of those Americans who edge away from his neighborhood. And gathered near the altar rails, I see a group of the permanent civil servants of the Crown—the short round figure of Mr. Herman Merivale, Under Secretary of the Colonies, and the white head and stooping shoulders of Mr. Waddington, Assistant Home Secretary, conspicuous among them. As a link between the civil service and literature, I may select Mr. Tom Taylor, whom I see in close conversation with the late and the present masters of Harrow—Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Montague Butler.
>
> But I have not time to dwell any longer on the many familiar faces and figures in the crowd. The organ is pealing the music of that sublime chant, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and, from the altar rails, where I stand, my eye takes in the whole sweep of the nave, through the door of the carved choir-screen. The procession has entered now. In the front the old bedesmen in their black gowns, totter along in two ranks, followed by the chanting choir, and behind the ministering clergy of the Abbey, and over their heads, in the mosty Winter light, nods the plumed canopy borne before the coffin, flanked by the craped batons of the marshals. I know that the coffin is behind, though I can but see the skirts of the pall, borne by the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Argyle, Lord John Russell, Lord Shelburne, Lord Stanhope, Sir David Dundas, and the venerable Dean of S. Paul's; that down-bent and feeble old man little thought ever to follow to the grave his friend and literary associate, so young, and apparently vigorous.

[For the Saturday Press.]

EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

Let the chimes ring
Their loudest, happiest peal,
For they,
With us, shall sing,
This happy, happy day,
A song of praise
To that sweet love which shall reveal
Life's mysteries.

II.

Not tolling now,
For a departed soul
From earth,
But singing how
The glorious birth
Of perfect love,
A throb of joy above control,
Shall call one from above.

III.

O favored pair—
Ye who this day shall try
So plain
To make appear
The meaning of your pain—
That lesson keep;
Your slumbers then will typify
Your endless sleep.

D. D.

HOOPS.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Court Journal* sets at rest the question of the Empress renouncing hoops. He says:

> We can therefore affirm, upon our conscience and honor, that whatever may have been said with regard to the abandonment of crinoline by that august and gracious lady, the absence of whatever portion may have been cast aside was not perceived; indeed, we should almost say that it must have added to the expansion of the petticoat by the facility thus afforded for the more easy expansion of that which remained. Nothing could be more graceful and more dignified than the flow and fall of her Majesty's garments; but, at the same time, who can say that any falling off is there? As the beautiful and gracious lady took her seat upon the throne she fills so well, the uniform, the sword, nay, one-half of the very person of the Emperor became lost to view—imbedded, as it were, in the beautiful and glittering mass beneath which it disappeared, leaving not even the thin and indistinct outline under the velvet of the Imperial robe to show that it still existed.

THE DEMOCRAT'S ADDRESS TO DOUGLAS.

[Stolen from Miss Mulock.]

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded and your words were few.
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half so worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

A ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION FOR THE CENTRAL PARK.—A number of gentlemen of this city, among whom are August Belmont, W. H. Aspinwall, Hamilton Fish, Benjamin R. Winthrop, Benjamin H. Field, Judge Bonney, Alexander W. Bradford, Frank Moore, R. L. Stuart, George Folsom, W. A. Mayo, Henry Delafield, W. P. Lee, have organised an association for the establishment and completion of an extensive Zoölogical and Botanical Garden in our Central Park. The preliminary meeting was held on Monday afternoon, at which a Committee was appointed to prepare a charter and take other necessary measures for the completion of the object.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS were first published in the following order. The catalogue is worth studying as a remarkable passage of literary history in reference to the rapidity of production. One year, it will be seen, produced three among the best of these works:

Waverly, May, 1814; Guy Mannering, February, 1815; Antiquary, May, 1816; Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, December, 1816; Rob Roy, December, 1817; Heart of Mid-Lothian, June, 1818; Bride of Lammermoor and Legend of Montrose, June, 1819; Ivanhoe, December, 1819; Monastery, March, 1820; Abbot, September, 1820; Kenilworth, January, 1821; Pirate, December, 1821; Fortunes of Nigel, May, 1822; Peveril of the Peak, January, 1823; Quentin Durward, June, 1823; St. Ronan's Well, December, 1823; Redgauntlet, June, 1824; Betrothed, and Talisman, June, 1825; Woodstock, June, 1826; Chronicles of the Cannongate, November, 1827; Fair Maid of Perth, April, 1828; Anne of Geierstein, May, 1829; Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, November, 1831.

"I cannot understand how men have made themselves believe that God speaks to us through books and histories. The man to whom the universe does not reveal directly what relation it bears to him, whose heart does not tell him what he owes to himself and others, that man will scarcely learn it out of books; which generally do little more than give our errors names."—*Goethe.*

— The Bradford Club, an association of gentlemen named after William Bradford, the first English printer in New York, are about issuing (for their own gratification, as no copies are to be sold) a complete collection of the famous poems of "Croaker & Co.," revised by the surviving author, Fitz-Greene Halleck. The Bradford Club is modelled on the "Philobiblou Society," rather than on the English publishing association, as in both the number of copies struck off of the work printed for them is limited to one for each member. Its first issue was the paper on the Deerfield Massacre, accompanied by a facsimile map, and is a beautiful specimen of typography, as well as a valuable historical record.

— The Stockholm correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that Prince Oscar has recently published a translation into Swedish of "*Herder's Cid-Romances*." It is an *édition de luxe*, and dedicated to his Royal brother.

— The forthcoming work of the author of "Eothen" (Mr. Kinglake), is now announced in form, and gives favorable promise of its character. It is entitled "A History of the Two Years' War in the Crimea, based chiefly upon the Private Papers and Correspondence of the late General Lord Raglan, and other authentic materials, aided by personal observation of some of the early operations of the War."

— Messrs. Derby & Jackson announce as in press, a work by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, entitled "Loves and Heroines of the Poets."

— *The New York Independent* learns that the author of the article on "Slavery in the Territories," in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*, is J. C. Heywood, Esq., of the New York bar, and a graduate of Harvard College.

— We learn that at the next meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, the valuable collection of manuscript documents, in the possession of Mr. Norton of this city, will be offered for sale. This collection, comprising the correspondence of Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, during the Revolution, is of great value, and should be secured by our own Historical Society.

— Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby, London, is preparing for publication a volume of Miltonic illustrations, in lithography, under the fanciful title of "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton."

— Mayne Reid has just completed a new novel called "The Wood Rangers," a work similar in character to "The Rifle Ranger."

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Cash Capital, $150,000.
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☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

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WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

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16 Merchants Exchange,
NEW YORK.

OFFICE
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BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

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Having removed to
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Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.
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This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

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This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

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The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 19 Nassau street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter
Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.
Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums.
Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.
N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.
SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,
Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of
$200,000.
and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of
SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.
in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of
$500,000.
the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of
ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,
must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.
Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.
BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.
☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	73½
Second " " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

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NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
38 " " " "	1848.
39½ " " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

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